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A MILE OF GOLD

Strange Adventures on the Yukon

By WM. M. STANLEY



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BY

WILLIAM M. STANLEY

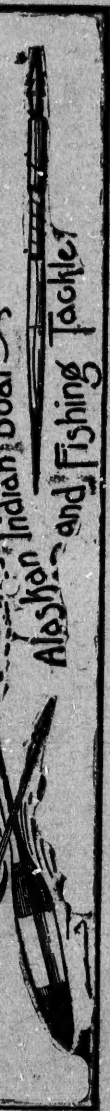
Recently returned from the Klondyke with \$112,000 in dust and nuggets
and \$16,000,000 in claims. Giving best practical
advice to prospectors.

*Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold.*

—Thomas Hood.

ILLUSTRATED WITH VIEWS TAKEN ON THE SPOT

CHICAGO
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1898



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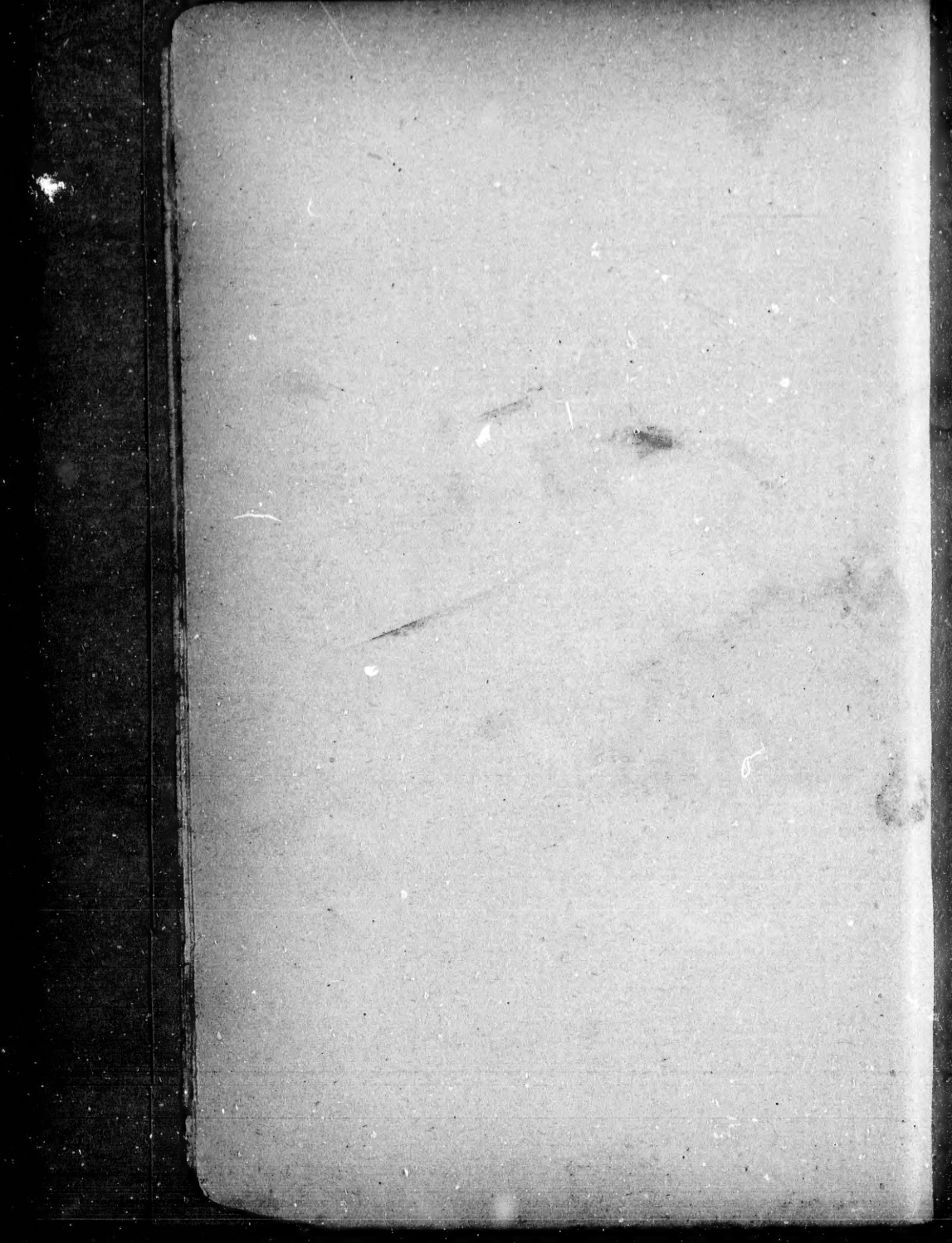
TO MY WIFE

ON WHOM RESTED THE BURDEN OF THE CARE OF A LARGE
FAMILY DURING MY SOJOURN IN THE REGIONS
OF ICE AND SNOW; AND WHO HAS FOR
MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS BEEN
A HELPMATE INDEED,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR

Alcove 13 July 1923



...TABLE OF CONTENTS...

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
A Little Personal Biography—Leaving Seattle, March 8, 1896—Forming a Partnership on Board Ship—We Reach Juneau—On the Ocean on a Fishing Craft—Shipwrecked at Berner's Bay—A Miraculous Escape.....	9
CHAPTER II.	
Dyea, at the Foot of Chilkoot Pass—Packing One's Goods—Sleds and Snow Shoes—Camping in the Snow—From the "Stone House" to "Pleasant Camp"—"Double-tripping"—Climbing to the "Summit"—700 Feet Up a Wall of Rock—Crater Lake—A Precipitous Descent—Lake Lindeman at Last!.....	20
CHAPTER III.	
Dangers and Hardships of Chilkoot Pass—Graphic Description by T. B. Corey, Who Crossed It, July, 1897—Exactions of the Indian Carriers—Buying an Indian Maiden for \$50—Boat-Building on the Lakes—The Plainest Food Tastes Splendid.....	30
CHAPTER IV.	
"Kid," My First Eskimo Dog—Across Lake Lindeman on a Sled Fitted with a Sail—Over Lakes Bennett and Le Barge—Sledding it on Fifty-Mile River—Avoiding the Treacherous White Horse Rapids—Its Many Victims—"Cacheing" Our Supplies—Nine Days Building Our Own Crafts.....	36
CHAPTER V.	
Sailing Down Thirty-Mile River—The Perils of "Five-Fingers"—The Funny Adventures of "Blizzard Bill"—Ruins of Old Fort Selkirk—Here the Yukon Assumes its Name—J. F. Miller's Experiences on the Same Route, June, 1897—Graveyards by the White Horse Rapids.....	44
CHAPTER VI.	
On the Yukon at Last—The Breaking-up of the Ice Jam—Entering the Stewart or "Grub Stake" River—Poling vs. Rowing—The Ferocious Mahoney Indians—Dutch John's Bar—Jerking Moose Flesh—Digging Gold at Sperry Bank—Prospecting the McQuestion River—Looking After Supplies and Winter Quarters.....	54
CHAPTER VII.	
The First News of the Klondyke "Strike"—Old Indian the News-Bearer—Reaching Sixty-Mile Post—A Storm on the Yukon—Two Claims Staked by My Partners on Bonanza Creek—We Locate Two More on the then Unknown El Dorado Creek—Plenty of Gold, but No Supplies—Down the Yukon After Food—A Terrible Jam of Ice-Floes.....	64
CHAPTER VIII.	
Was There Gold in Our Claims?—The Placer Miner's Ever Reviving Hopes—Is it Clondyke, Klondyke or Klondike?—The Story of George W. McCormack, the Original Discoverer of this Nature's Treasure House, August 15, 1896....	72
CHAPTER IX.	
The Birth of a New City—Joe Ladue Locates Dawson, September 1, 1896—Grows to 5,000 Inhabitants as if by Magic—What it Costs to Live There—One Thousand Precious Dogs—Wages Paid Unskilled Labor—A Boisterous but Orderly Crowd.....	82
CHAPTER X.	
On the Frozen Klondyke—Pitching Our Tent on the El Dorado Creek—Building a House—Putting Ourselves on Rations—Our First Beefsteak for Months—Sinking Our First Shaft Down to Bed-Rock—Reaching Pay Dirt!—Fifty Dollars to the Pan—Working With a Will Through the Dark Winter Days.....	

	PAGE
CHAPTER XI.	
Watching the Neighbors' Claims—El Dorado Creek, the Richest Placer Mine in the World—Charles Myers' Banner Pan of \$800—Great Difficulty to Get Help, Even at \$15 Per Day—Our 4,000 Feet of Placer Ground Worth \$16,875,000—Hundreds of Fine Claims Will Show up Next Season.....	96
CHAPTER XII.	
Inventive Genius Never Had a Better Field—To Extract the Frost From the Ground—Many Grotesque Devices—How They Prospect on the Yukon—Winter and Summer Diggings—A Nugget of \$327—Thawing the Pay Streak—Sluicing the Gold.....	104
CHAPTER XIII.	
Definitions of the Canadian Mining Laws—"Bar Diggings;" "Dry Diggings;" "Creek and River Claims;" "Beach Claims;"—The "Representative Season"—How to Live There—Dreary Winters—Hungry Summer Pests—The Dog Again; the Most Precious Friend of the Klondyker—Salmon Its Food....	114
CHAPTER XIV.	
Geological Formation of the Gold Bearing District—Where Is the Mother-Lode—Quartz Croppings—"Quartz Grinding" Glaciers—Antediluvian Skeletons Galore—My Theory of the Gold Formation.....	124
CHAPTER XV.	
One Winter's Work: \$224,000 in Gold Dust and Nuggets—I Prepare to go Home—"Hotel De Bum"—Half a Million Dollars in Buckskin Sacks—Five Gallon Oil Cans Filled With Gold—A Woman Prospector Worth \$250,000.....	129
CHAPTER XVI.	
The Yukon Basin—Fish and Feather—All Manner of Game—Indian Way of Hunting Moose—The Settlements on the Great River—Down Stream to St. Michael's—On Board the "Portland"—Fair Seattle Again!.....	133
CHAPTER XVII.	
Fortunes on Board the "Portland"—The Excitement Reaches Its Climax—The Stampede Northward Begins—A Graphic Newspaper Description of the Rush—Inquiring Visitors and Correspondents by the Thousand—Off to San Francisco—Five Thousand Six Hundred Shining Double Eagles Stamped Out of My Klondyke Gold.....	140
CHAPTER XVIII.	
The Great Boundary Question—A Possible Quarrel Between Uncle Sam and John Bull—The Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1825—Russian Rights Transferred to Us in 1867—Possession of the Lynn Canal in Question—It Commands the Overland Routes From the Coast to the Gold Fields—The Seattle Merchants' Petition.....	153
CHAPTER XIX.	
Women Tell of Their Adventures in the Yukon—Mrs. Clarence Berry's Narrative—Panning Out \$7,000 Pin Money—Mrs. Thomas Lippy's Letter—A Model Housewife at the Diggings.....	166
CHAPTER XX.	
The Routes to Dawson City—The Principal Transportation Companies Over the All-Water Route, via St. Michael's—The White Pass Route, from Skaguay Bay—A Simple but Eloquent Letter from a Sturdy Prospector.....	180
CHAPTER XXI.	
Earlier Stampedes to the Northern Gold Fields—Famous Australian Discoveries—An Arizona Miner on the Yukon in 1882—The Marvelous Success of Young Henry Dore—From Want to Affluence—A Grateful Heart.....	186
CHAPTER XXII.	
Outfit and Supplies Needed for One Man One Year—Outfit for Two Men—Table of Canadian Customs Duties on Goods Needed by the Miners.....	193
CHAPTER XXIII.	
Canadian Mining Laws and Regulations.....	206

PAGE
Placer Mine in
y to Get Help,
\$10,875,000—
..... 96

rost From the
the Yukon—
e Pay Streak—
..... 104

ry Diggings; "
esentative Sea-
ner Pests—The
on Its Food... 114

Mother-Lode—
uvian Skeletons
..... 124

are to go Home
ks—Five Gallon
,000..... 129

-Indian Way of
rn Stream to St.
..... 133

Its Climax—The
tion of the Rush
-Off to San Fran-
Stamped Out of
..... 140

le Sam and John
Transferred to Us
mands the Over-
attle Merchants'
..... 153

ce Berry's Narra-
Letter—A Model
..... 163

panies Over the
te, from Skaguay
tor..... 180

lian Discoveries—
Success of Young
..... 188

r Two Men—Table
ers..... 198

..... 206

A MILE OF GOLD.

CHAPTER I.

A Little Personal Biography—Leaving Seattle, March 8, 1896—Forming a Partnership on Board Ship—We Reach Juneau—On the Ocean on a Fishing-Craft—Shipwrecked at Berner's Bay—A Miraculous Escape.

Yes, I am the man who recently returned from the ice-bound regions of the north with \$112,000 worth of dust and nuggets taken from the frozen earth in less than three months. It is gold. The metal the whole civilized world is courting. The one thing that all men are striving to win; the deity before which universal man has ever bowed; the material sought alike by the tutored and the untutored, the rich and the poor, the righteous and the wicked, the old and the young, the strong and the weak, the Christian and the heathen, aye by all men of whatever nationality, religion or condition.

But I wander from my text. I was about to tell you how I came to go. Well it is an old story. In one word I might call it "hardupishness." The striving to earn a maintenance for a large family, while at the same time laying by the requisite store for the proverbial rainy day which is sure to come, became more and more wearying. Work was scarce with many a needy man walking the street not

knowing how to secure a subsistence for his family. While I had always managed to provide for my people, I saw no way whereby I could lay by a sufficiency for my old age, and the dread of getting out of work was at times horrible.

My attention was first directed to the Yukon gold fields by the reports of rich strikes on Forty Mile, Sixty Mile, Miller, Glacier and Birch Creeks, and along the Thron Duyck river, since named Klondyke. I resolved that since there was gold in the far north I would have some of it, despite the snow, ice, blizzards and mosquitoes. To raise the wherewith to procure an outfit and provide for my family while I was gone, was a problem that must first be solved. Finally with the aid of a son of mine, who, happily, had steady employment I managed to secure an outfit for two, taking one of my boys with me.

But enough of these hard luck stories. Pass this chapter by; and let us hasten on to the narration of success,—success beyond the visions of my most ardent dreams.

“Laugh and the world laughs with you.
Weep and you weep alone.”

The first and most important duty to be attended to in making preparations for a trip to the Yukon gold fields is to secure an outfit. This is by no means an easy task. So many little things must be remembered, for in those regions of perpetual snow there is but little chance to procure tools, food or clothing. One must have plenty of sub-

stantial food, such as beans, bacon and flour; for the climate is so intensely cold that it is absolutely necessary to keep the stomach well filled. Warm clothing too is essential. I believe that I spent more time and care in stocking my wardrobe for this trip than the average dandy, who contemplates a few weeks at the seashore, would bestow upon his. Heavy woolen goods had to be selected and oil skins purchased. In the way of tools we needed shovels, picks and pans for mining, and a whipsaw, jack-plane, draw-knife, axe, hatchet, rule, nails, oakum, pitch, rope and mosquito netting.

Then came the leave-taking from relatives, friends and neighbors. I realized that I was bidding good-bye to civilization for a long period, perhaps forever to brave the dangers of an arctic region, to be menaced by wild beasts and blizzards, climbing rocks and precipices where a single misstep might plunge one into a gorge hundreds of feet below; perhaps to be frozen to death, or worse still to die of starvation; shooting rapids where a misstroke would prove fatal or a hidden rock might send me into eternity.

But all these dangers were lost sight of in the pain of bidding farewell to a loving wife and fond children. It is this that tries a man's nerve. To keep a smiling face and light heart when you are receiving the good-byes of wife and family is no easy task. But then the hope of an early return loaded with the treasures of the north was a powerful solace, and perhaps restrained the tears that strong

men oftentimes find it difficult to control. Finally, we had gotten all on board the boat and waived a last good-bye, from the deck of the steamer "Alki," to family and friends, and found ourselves steaming towards the Mecca of our hopes. We left Seattle March 8, 1896, and as the "Queen City" faded from view, I, for my part could not help feeling somewhat homesick. However, my thoughts soon turned to the yellow nuggets in the far north and hope again ran high.

Seattle is situated on Puget Sound and has a population of about 70,000. It is the largest city in the State of Washington and bids fair to become the metropolis of the Pacific northwest. In 1889, the entire business portion was totally destroyed by fire. This, however, was no drawback, for hardly had the ashes become cold, before men were at work erecting massive stone and brick buildings upon the ruins. This same spirit of enterprise is displayed at all times and no emergency can exist that its business men are not equal to. Surrounded by salt water on the one hand and beautiful fresh water lakes on the other, with snow-capped mountains in full view on either side. Mt. Rainer (14,444 feet in altitude) 60 miles to the southeast; Mt. Baker to the north; the Olympics to the west and the Cascade Range forming the background toward the east, make its scenery perhaps the grandest and most picturesque on earth. Add to this a climate seldom too hot or too cold, and is it a wonder that when I contemplated the radical change I had de-

cided upon, hope should for a while be darkened by regret.

Forty miles down the Sound is Point Townsend, the port of entry for the district comprising the State of Washington. It is a small town of about 5,000 inhabitants, picturesquely situated at the confluence of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca and Puget Sound.

Our next stop was at Victoria, across the Straits of San Juan de Fuca. Victoria is the capital city of British Columbia and is the metropolis of a large area of British territory.

After leaving Victoria, we might be said to be fully started, as no stop was to be made until we had reached far-away Alaska. From here our course was northwest, through the Gulf of Georgia and Queen Charlotte Sound, running between Vancouver Island, the largest island along the Pacific Coast, and the mainland.

On a voyage of this character the formalities of society are to a great extent dropped and acquaintances are soon formed. In many cases lasting friendships and permanent business connections are the outgrowth of such chance meetings. Thus it was in our case. Among our fellow passengers, all of whom were interesting, were two boys who were natives of New York State. We seemed to fall in with them from the start and before we had been long in their company resolved to pool our issues and succeed or fail together. These men were two brothers, Gage and Charles Worden.

From this time on our party consisted of four, and our interests have not been divided since.

The weather was good, the trip, in the main, pleasant, and we reached Juneau without further incident. At Juneau we had to disembark and make as far as Skaguay Bay and Dyce, but at that time there were not many passengers going north of Juneau and the boats therefore did not run farther.

Juneau was then a town of two thousand inhabitants and the metropolis of Alaska. It is situated at the base of a mountain about three thousand feet high, which rises almost perpendicular to its summit. The flat space, between tide water and the base of this mountain, is not very extensive and is already well filled with houses. The citizens seemed to be prosperous and the place in general had the appearance of a live mining town. Water works and an electric light plant are among the modern improvements. It is the outfitting point for resident prospectors starting for the interior, and is the winter headquarters for the miners of the surrounding country.

It was the most northern station of the "Puget Sound and Alaskan Steamship Company" and therefore a resting place for Alaska tourists.

When I returned, a little over a year later, I learned that a short time had worked a great change in this northern metropolis. Nearly all of its inhabitants had joined the stampede and rushed to the Klondyke, taking with them all the available dogs, for which the city had become so famous.

This is the case with nearly all the Alaskan towns. They have become almost deserted on account of the rush to the interior.

At Juneau we expected to take passage in a small steamboat called the 'Rustler,' but, as her boilers had recently been condemned by the government Inspector of Hulls and Boilers, we had to seek other means of transportation. After looking around some time, we found that the best we could do in this line was to charter a small fishing boat that lay in the harbor. The master of this craft assured us that she could ride any sea, and that he would guarantee to land us safely at Dyea in a short time. So, highly elated over our success in securing it, we closed the bargain and soon had our outfits aboard and were again on our way north.

Dyey is about one hundred miles from Juneau by boat and we should have sailed over the distance in two or three days. But owing to a gale which wrecked us we lost five days on the way. When about fifty miles out from Juneau we encountered a storm which beat against us from seaward. The wind was violent and the sea ran very high. So strong were the combined forces of these elements that we were driven against the rocks and the boat stove in. When the storm struck us we tried to hold her out at sea, but little by little we were forced landward until we gave up hope and prepared ourselves to bow to the inevitable. This was one of the most exciting moments in my life and was an experience that I do not care to repeat.

16 ON THE OCEAN ON A FISHING CRAFT

If you have never been shipwrecked, no pen can describe to you the terrible sensation of such a disaster. In an awful suspense—worse a thousand times than the most dreadful certainty—we were drifting slowly towards certain destruction and expected every minute to be dashed against a rock and called before our Maker. The wind howled through the rigging like a legion of demons let loose from Hades to make our entrance into eternity more dreadful. The waves, mountain high, leaped over each other like Indians after the scalp of a wounded foe, in their mad anxiety to claim another victim for the cruel ocean. The timbers shivered and squeaked as a leafless forest whipped by the hand of a blizzard and threatened every moment to yield to the blows of the mighty waves. The mast was carried away with a report like the electric forerunner of a Kansas shower. Soon the scene was veiled in darkness so dense as to almost defy the piercing shaft of the Σ rays. The whole formed a combination of horrors that froze the blood in the veins and the marrow in the bones, and made our past life pass before our mind's eye like lightning. Drifting slowly towards the breakers, we could hear their deafening roar even above the howling of the tempest. Closer! Closer! Closer! Ah! Thank Heaven! the clouds had lifted. But, alas! only to show us the white line that meant certain destruction. Fortunately, however, with the light came a cessation of the storm, and as we drifted nearer, our boat stripped of her rigging and abso-

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lutely at the mercy of the waves, we found that the line of breakers were close to the shore, and hope again rose in our breasts. Perhaps we could yet get near enough to swim ashore ere we perished in the cold water. Closer! Closer! Closer! Could we ride the swell and pass on the inside? At last we were on the crest and by an extraordinary stroke of luck passed over the outside breakers. O! the joy of being again reasonably safe; perhaps yet would we be saved. Ah! the anticipation. How different from looking forward to a certain death! The blood again tingled in our veins and as we drifted still nearer to the shore we knew we were saved. Suddenly the boat struck a rock with such a mighty crash that it stove her bottom into kindlings. But, as she settled never to rise again, we found that the water was only to our waists. A short wade and we would be on the beach. But now our thoughts turned to rescuing our supplies. We must save them at all hazards, for it would be far worse to die of hunger than to find a grave in the deep, green sea. We struggled with the waves and after hours of incessant toil, soaked and chilled to the bone, we had our belongings all on the beach, out of the reach of the water. Thankful for our lives, we accepted the situation without a murmur and when we discovered that our stock of food supplies was almost ruined we made no complaint.

Out of the two tons of provisions but little was saved. The flour and bacon, fortunately, were so securely tight, done up in oilskins, that they were

kept dry. Our coffee, tea, sugar, evaporated fruit, and provisions of a lighter nature were absolutely ruined and while the loss was great, we felt that we had come out of this adventure very fortunately indeed. As we had a waterproof match case well filled with matches we were enabled to build a fire, and we lost no time in doing so. After drying our blankets and eating some of such stuff as we had saved from the wreck we wrapped ourselves up and were soon asleep, leaving the morrow to take care of itself.

In the morning the question of how to get out of this wilderness was discussed. After talking it over we decided that it would be impossible to continue overland as the surrounding country was nothing but precipices and ravines. We concluded to wait on shore and take the chances of attracting the notice of some passing boat, as we could be distinctly seen from the deck of any vessel sailing or steaming between Juneau and Dyea.

We immediately set a watch, that no craft could pass unseen, and waited anxiously for the sign of a sail. At last, after five days of weary watching, we sighted a small steamer evidently bound for Dyea and we finally succeeded in attracting the attention of those on board. She put down her helm and steered towards us. When within a quarter of a mile, a boat was lowered and we were soon safely on board with such supplies as had been saved from the wreck. Imagine our surprise when we found that the steamer was the "Rustler" rigged out with new

boilers which gave the craft a general appearance of safety. We could not repress a feeling of chagrin when we thought of how we might have escaped the horrible experience of the last few days, together with the loss attending it, if we had but restrained our impatience and waited until we could have proceeded with safety in the renovated steamer.

As we steamed out of Berner's Bay, the scene of our shipwreck and disaster, we felt thankful that we had escaped with our lives, having, however, learned a lesson of patience that was of service to us during the rest of the trip. March 27, we landed at Dyca, having been nineteen days enroute from Seattle.

CHAPTER II.

Dyea, at the foot of Chilkoot Pass—Packing One's Goods—Sleds and Snow Shoes—Camping in the Snow—From the "Stone House" to "Pleasure Camp"—"Double-tripping"—Climbing to the "Summit"—700 Feet up a Wall of Rock—Crater Lake—A Precipitous Descent—Lake Lindeman at Last!

Dyea is situated at the head of steamboat navigation at the extreme northern end of the Chilkoot inlet, a branch of the Lynn Canal. It is one thousand and seventy-six nautical miles from Seattle and about seven hundred miles by the lake and river route from Dawson city.

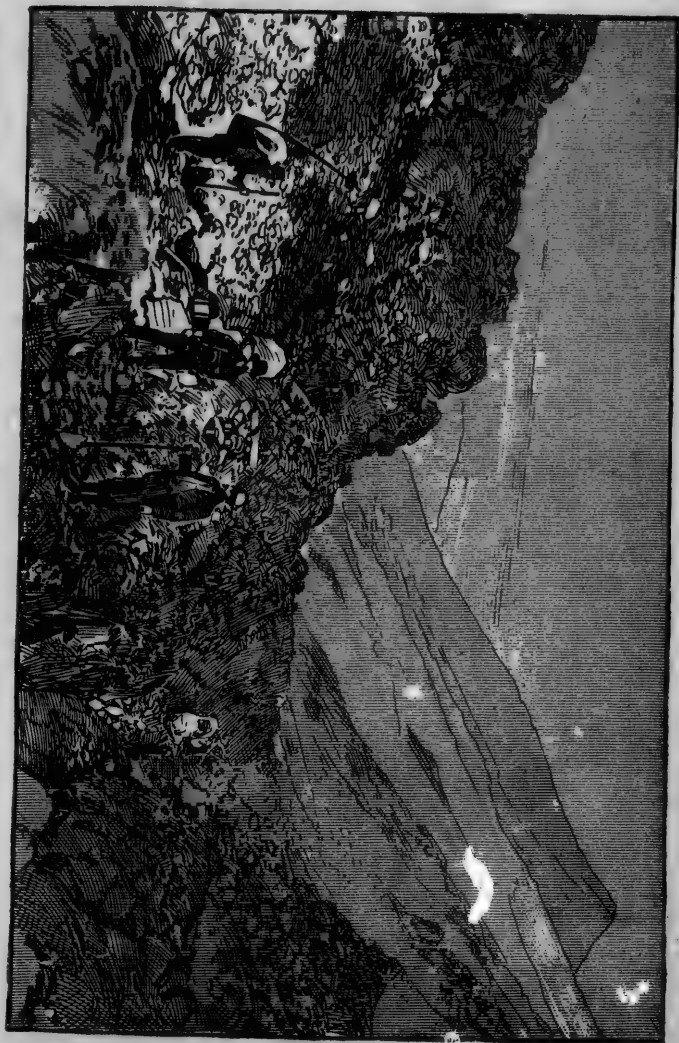
At Dyea we had an opportunity to replenish our stock, which we readily embraced, although the prices were quite high. There is a small store here, owned by Healy & Wilson, and managed by S. Ripinski, who is also postmaster, and a very affable and accommodating business man. Dyea cannot be called a town, though a United States post office has been established here. Aside from this store, which is a sort of hotel also, there are but few buildings. A short distance up the Creek is Haines' Presbyterian Mission, which is the home of the Chilkat Indians. These Indians are civilized and are taught the English language in the mission school. It is upon them that the traveler has to depend to have his supplies transported over the

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ACROSS CHILKOOT PASS: LOOKING NORTH FROM THE SUMMIT.



Chilkoot Pass. Half a mile below the store and post office is a wharf, though only a temporary affair, and here is where our goods were landed. The large steamers cannot make a landing here, as the channel is shallow, and cargoes are therefore discharged on lighters, which are towed alongside the wharf and unloaded.

From Dyea it is twenty-seven miles in a northerly direction to Lake Lindeman. It is, however, the most difficult road that I have ever traveled. I doubt if there is another such trail on the American continent. It is by far the roughest part of the journey. A canoe or boat may be used for a distance of about six miles from Dyea, which reduces the distance over which supplies must otherwise be hauled or packed to twenty-one miles. These twenty-one miles, however, are in places almost perpendicular and the trail resembles an immense, disorderly stone quarry set on edge. We did most of our packing ourselves, but employed the natives to pack some of our stuff for a distance of about seven hundred feet for which we paid \$1.50 per hundred. This heavy expense acted as a sort of inducement to rid ourselves of everything that we could not put to good use in the interior. The spring season, before the snow melts, is the most favorable time to make the trip. Supplies may then be hauled on sleds and a man or dog can easily haul several times as much as one can pack. About the middle of April the thaw begins, when the snow becomes soft and it is almost impossible to make the trip at all. A sled

22 PACKING GOODS ACROSS THE PASS

should be made from strong tough wood, but should be as light as possible. If shod with brass, it will draw much easier than if shod with steel, as in extremely cold weather, when steel is full of frost, it is gritty and adheres to the snow and ice. A little water sprayed from the mouth on the shoe of the sled will instantly congeal and form a surface of ice that will wear quite a long time; when it is worn off the process can be repeated and by keeping the runners well iced in this way the haul is made less burdensome. The natives do not use nails or bolts, but bind the joints with thongs, so that in case the sled is capsized the strain will not be so positive and intense, the joints giving rather than breaking. An ideal sled is a little over seven feet long, seven inches high and about sixteen inches wide; if too high it will capsize more easily, and if too wide difficulty will be encountered in passing narrow places in the trail. Besides this, it is the proper width to track behind snow shoes.

Supplies may be packed on the back, hauled on sleds or carried over on horses, mules, dogs or burros. If a bundle or package is to be carried any distance it is more easily conveyed by the use of pack straps. This is a familiar article in the west, but in the east it is not so well known. It is made from leather or other strong material and consists of a wide strap to run over each shoulder passing under the arms and fastened to cross straps by means of rivets. The package is then fastened to this contrivance and the arms slipped through the loops.

The weight is thereby transferred to the shoulders and back and it leaves the arms and hands free to aid in walking and climbing. Another method is to take a common gunny sack and tie a piece of strong cloth about two feet long to the opposite corners, lengthwise. By this means, sixty pounds may be carried quite comfortably by an ordinary man, though some carry as much as one hundred.

We started from Dyea immediately upon our arrival, not caring to contemplate the mountains that rose in our front like immense snow-banks until we had lost heart. About five miles up the Chilkat River, we first went into camp in a sheltered, well timbered spot. After pitching our tent on the snow we brought out such things as we would need for immediate use, stove, blankets, food, etc., and prepared to make ourselves comfortable until our goods were packed ahead. We set our stove, which was made from sheet iron, on a gridiron. This is made by placing three poles about eight feet long on the snow. The stove is then arranged on them in such a manner that, when the snow melts from underneath it, the poles form a support.

Next we cut boughs from the surrounding hemlocks and piled them on the snow, until we had a bed of them about eighteen inches deep. We had a canvas spread, which we placed over this to protect us from the dampness, and found that we had a bed that was positively luxurious to a weary man. The "springs" were very sensitive, shaping themselves readily to the form of the body and the

"mattress" was as soft as wool. After preparing supper we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and slept as only those with a clear conscience and exhausted bodies can. We awoke, the next morning, very much refreshed and went at our outfit with such vim that we had a large portion of it up to camp ere the shades of night again fell around us.

From the landing to our camp at the head of Dyea canyon, we were enabled to haul our goods on sleds over the Chilkat river, which at this time of year is frozen up, thus making an easy, level route. This camp is known as "Stone House," because of a rock which nature has carved to resemble such a structure. It is the first camp out from Dyea. When we returned after the final load, we left the last vestige of civilization behind us and turned our backs to the outside world. We could not repress some feeling of regret at being thus cut off entirely from any source of communication with those we loved who would not know for months, and even years perhaps, whether we were still in this world or not.

When we had brought the last of our outfits forward to "Stone House," we commenced to put it ahead through Dyea Canyon and on to Pleasant Camp, a strip of woods about three miles long, and cached them here. This we did by sections as before, which in miner's parlance is called "double-tripping." Here the incline was too steep for the use of sleds and we had to pack everything on our backs. Each of us took but 50 pounds at a time;

we could go right along with this and were enabled to make four trips a day. We met others on the trail, however, who carried one hundred pounds, but they had to rest every few minutes and were a great annoyance to those who were packing lighter loads but making better time, as the trail is narrow and a great deal of trouble is experienced in getting around the stragglers. They would at times block up the trail for a long distance and, though it is a free highway, we could not but feel that they did not have a proper regard for the rights of others.

It is here where many people give up the struggle and turn back. At times, the trail is full of men, with sore backs and feet, lying on the snow in utter despair. Many even weep with disappointment. As a rule, however, after they have become hardened and have learned the lesson of patience, they continue forward and by the time they have pitched their tents at "Sheep's Camp" they are as hardened as a mule and as patient as an ox under their heavy burdens. As soon as we had everything cached at "Pleasant Camp," we struck camp at "Stone House" and moved our stove, tent, etc., forward to "Sheep's Camp," so called on account of the wild sheep that congregate there among the trees in winter, where the Indians hunt and slay them. It is located on the timber line and near the base of a steep incline the top of which is called the "Summit." After getting our tent, stove, and bedding arranged comfortably as before, we started back and

worked our outfit up, pushing it ahead and caching it at the base of a steep approach to the summit, about seven miles beyond "Sheep's Camp."

From this camping ground no progress can be made except on days when the wind is still and the sky clear. Many times we started out in the morning but had to return. The cold, bleak wind at times would sweep down from the summit, driving the newly fallen snow with such force that it would cut like powdered glass from a blow pipe. There is a raise here of three thousand feet in a distance of seven miles, and hardy indeed is he who does not drop by the wayside. Often an avalanche or snow-slide coming over the precipices above will cover the goods cached here, scattering them to the four winds or burying them many feet under snow and ice. Then Indians have to be employed who prod around with long hooked poles and fish them out. We, however, escaped this misfortune. It may be that the god of the Yukon deemed our shipwreck sufficient chastisement for daring to pry into the secrets of his domains.

Our next move was an ascent of seven hundred feet that is almost perpendicular. We looked at our burdens and then at the obstacles beyond and grew faint-hearted. Steps had to be cut into the snow and ice all the way to the top and the obstructions mounted as by a ladder. Seven hundred feet of actual climbing with only ice and snow to grasp and with a pack of fifty pounds dragging us back,

seemingly determined to plunge us to the bottom, was a task that we could not accomplish. We made a contract with the Indians to have our outfit taken from here to the summit for \$1.50 per hundred. In making this contract we dealt with the chief alone. The Indians look to him in all matters of business and carry out his contracts without a murmur. The chief of the Chilkats is known by the Biblical cognomen of Chief Isaac. How he obtained this ancient appellation is not known. But in him the tribe have a bright intelligent ruler and one who conducts the affairs of their nation with profit, credit and honor to them, and to himself as well.

A man by the name of Peterson, a native of King Oscar's domains, has since invented a contrivance for lifting burdens up this steep incline. He anchors a pulley at the top through which he passes a rope, to which is attached a box, rigged on runners. A loaded sled is made fast to the rope at the bottom, the box is then filled with snow, to which is added the weight of the inventor and such other men as may be at hand. When this loaded box descends it pulls the sled up, where it is detached. The box is then unloaded and drawn back to the top when the operation is repeated as before.

As soon as the Indians had finished carrying our supplies to the top of the summit we bound the goods solidly to the sleds and started them down the mountain on the other side. Here the pass is so steep that we could not hold them back, so we were obliged to turn them loose and let them go.

They sped down the decline like a ball from a cannon and in an instant, almost as fast as the eye could follow, had reached the bottom and shot out on Crater Lake a distance of a half a mile. Of course the lake was solidly frozen at the time.

Crater Lake, so called because it resembles a basin set in the summit of a mountain peak, was at one time the crater of a huge living volcano; it is about a mile across each way. A perpendicular bank of some six feet in height confines the lake at this point and as the sled clears this at a bound it lands more than thirty feet out on the ice and then continues, slowly loosing its speed until the center of the lake is reached, where it comes to a standstill.

Some prospectors prefer riding their loads down this precipitous path but we did not care to take the chances, as we considered this as recklessly endangering life, and amounting almost to premeditated suicide. We cached our first loads here on the lake and returned drawing our sleds up the steep ascent. This we repeated until we had transferred our entire supplies. After strapping on our last loads we looked back from the summit upon the broad Pacific, twenty miles away. A boundless ocean of green, stretching out to the south as far as the eye could reach until it formed the horizon with the blue canopy overhead. Pacific? Ah! did we not remember how but a few weeks ago, it had almost closed around us its cold embrace of death? Surely it was wild enough then and, as our thoughts went back to those awful moments, we turned away with a

shudder and refused to look longer upon a scene that might otherwise have entranced us with its beauty.

From Crater Lake, we pushed on with our tent, stove, blankets and sufficient provisions to last us several days until Lake Lindeman was reached. Here we went into camp for the third time after leaving Dyea. Then we turned back and brought the balance of our outfit forward until we had it all cached on the shore of Lake Lindeman. The trail from Crater Lake is down grade all the way and at this time the sleighing was good, though the route is very rocky when the snow is off the ground. It had taken us about three weeks to move from Dyea and we were glad that we were at last safely camped along the headwaters of the Yukon.

Such were the conditions and surroundings at Dyea, on the trail, and at Lake Lindeman, when we crossed the pass in 1896. The recent news of our success, and that of many other fortunate ones, has created such a stampede that the pass to-day is reported blocked with gold-seekers.

CHAPTER III.

Dangers and Hardships of Chilkoot Pass—Graphic Description by T. B. Corey, Who Crossed it, July, 1897—Exactions of the Indian Carriers—Buying an Indian Maiden for \$50—Boat Building on the Lakes—The Plainest Food Tastes Splendid.

By the courtesy of Mrs. T. B. Corey, I will reproduce a letter that was written her by her husband, in the summer of 1897. Mr. Corey is well known in the State of Washington as having been superintendent of the coal mines owned and operated by the Oregon Improvement Company, and I believe his letter correctly describes the situation and conditions existing on the trail to-day.

"Head of Lake Bennett, July 31, 1897.

"Here I am at Lake Bennett. We were landed at Dyea Sunday evening about 6 o'clock on a scow, and worked till 1 o'clock A. M., Monday, getting our things off the scow and putting them upon the land above high water mark. I rolled into a blanket on the ground, but was too tired to sleep. Got up at 5 o'clock and got our things up a mile more and re-arranged them. Tuesday morning, we hired thirty-one Indians to pack our stuff over the mountains to Lake Lindeman; had to pay them 17 cents per pound. Then we packed our own packs and started over the trail. Went as far as Sheep's Camp, nine miles, and arrived at 3 P. M., wet through to

the skin, as it rained all day. Sheep's Camp is at the foot of the mountain. Soon dried out before a camp-fire and at once went to bed. We were on the trail at 5 o'clock next morning, and began our ascent at once. A harder, rougher and more difficult climb I never saw. It was raining harder, the trail was very slippery and the wind was blowing like a hurricane. It was a 'holy terror.' But we got to Lake Lindemann at 7 o'clock that night, a tired, sore lot. We passed over about a mile of snow, but that was preferable to the slippery rock. We sent to Lake Bennett and engaged our boat, paying \$100 for it, and we are to get it Monday noon, August 2. We expect to get started down the river by Wednesday, sometime. I am now here hurrying them up.

"Got here at 12 o'clock last night and was up at 5 A. M. Tea and hardtack constituted our breakfast. We then struck out for the saw mill, which is about one mile from here, and while I am waiting for a boat to take me back to Lake Lindeman I am writing this letter, the only spare time since I left the Al-Ki. I am feeling good, only sore and stiff, which will wear off in a few days. I find that some Seattle people have been between Dyea and Lake Lindeman two months packing their stuff over. It is the hardest work I ever saw. Some of the Indians carry as much as 150 pounds, but 100 pounds is considered a good pack. Our boys carried on an average 50 pounds each, which is a good load for one not used to it. The dogs carry 25 to 40 pounds

each and seem to enjoy it. They are all Indian dogs. The Indians are not like the Siwashes at Seattle, but all of them are good stout fellows. The Indian women pack too, carrying from 50 to 75 pounds. One of the boys was making a bargain for a young Indian woman for his wife (just for fun). The father of the girl agreed to take \$50 for her. She was quite pleased over the idea and sat up alongside of him and wanted to go. So we had the laugh on him. She is quite an intelligent girl, just out of the Indian Mission, which is supported by the United States Government. You can give them all the education they want, but they will be Indians still. Gilmore and Son, of Seattle, are still at Lake Lindeman. They have bought in with another party who had their boat almost completed. They will get away Monday or Tuesday. The Indians have raised the price of packing to twenty cents per pound, which makes it quite expensive. Our outfit weighed 3,000 pounds. We were the first on the Al-Ki to engage the Indians, so you see we saved \$90 by pushing things. I can tell you right now that I would not pack my stuff over that trail myself for all the gold on the Yukon. I just could not do it. I see lots of men laid up with sore feet and lame backs who will be of no account when they get there. Some of the younger boys will see a little of hard life on this trip. I have not changed my clothes since I left Seattle. Everything goes, in your food, dirt and all. Things that would turn my stomach at home I eat with a relish. I

all Indian washes at lows. The 50 to 75 a bargain (just for \$50 for and sat up we had the nt girl, just pported by n give them will be In- tle, are still in with an- t completed. ay. The In- g to twenty e expensive. Ve were the ians, so you . I can tell ny stuff over e Yukon. I laid up with of no account oungeer boys . I have not Everything gs that would a relish. I

have a splendid appetite. Mr. Raymond is one of my party. He packed my pack the first day about a mile over the hardest part of the trail. I carried about 30 pounds the first day. The second day I carried nothing but my mackintosh, which was all I wanted.

"There is bound to be a hard time on the Yukon this winter. Lots of them will be stuck for the winter at Lake Lindeman. They are going to pack their own stuff and that means the river will be frozen up. Last night there was considerable frost.

"It is amusing to see the funny outfits that are brought here. Some with two-wheel hand carts, some with wheelbarrows, etc. Why, some of them will do well if they just get themselves over the trail. I am writing now only a few yards from where that fellow committed suicide last year when he lost his boat and provisions. I find not a few graves along the trail, of Indians and whites.

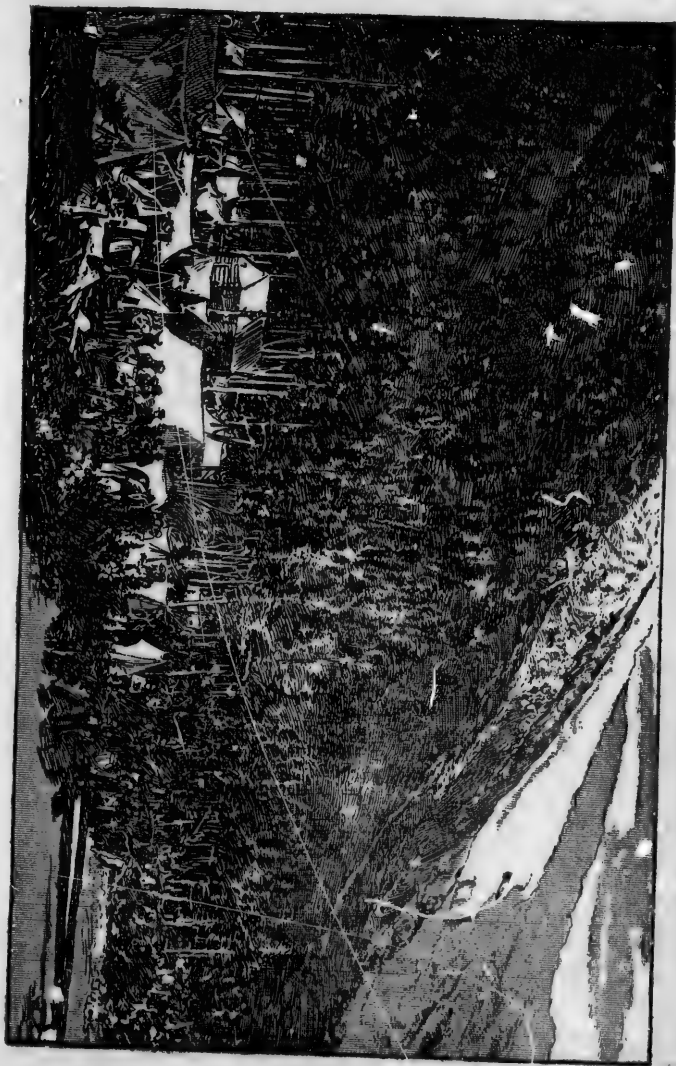
"I found a Mr. Mills and his wife, of Seattle, at Lake Lindeman and he will get started Monday. He packed his own provisions and built his own boat. I find Mrs. Mills quite an estimable lady. She has her husband's trousers on, but that is all right. Everything goes. She is quite a brave woman, and they desire to get lots of gold. Mills used to be Col. Green's partner in Seattle. I never saw such a good lot of men. There are no loafers, all good, honest, hard-working men, and on the whole quite accommodating. They don't seem to be jealous or engaged in strife. We hear nothing here at all

from the Yukon. Nobody comes out this way. You get news from the gold fields in Seattle before we do; so we had just as well be out of the world as far as news is concerned. People who come in say there are thousands more coming in. If they do, and they do not bring money and "grub," they will stay at Lake Lindeman all winter. Lots of people are securing their own lumber and making their own boats, but timber is getting very scarce and you can hardly get a board over six inches wide. Lumber at the sawmill is worth \$100 per thousand. The sawmill has hard work to get logs. Not one of the mill hands will stay; all have gone to the Klondyke. So they will give anyone \$5 per thousand for getting logs and rafting them down to the mill. They have to go four or five miles for the timber. The sawmill is on the shore of Lake Bennett. We expect to reach Dawson about the 12th or 14th of August. We are going to sail night and day, one shift on day and the other on night. These boys—three of them—understand the handling of the boat well. The boys are all aware that their pluck and patience will be tried. Yet our hardest part of the trip is now over. None but hard-working or strong-muscled men should try to cross the mountain. Tell the outfitters to put all the goods in waterproof sacks. Also tell them they do not figure enough supplies to the man. I hear lots of complaints in regard to the matter and a great many will run out of provisions on account of this. The merchants cannot be too careful in re-

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SHEEP CAMP, ON THE CHILKOOT PASS.





gard to the Yukon orders the, send out. The men get short and have to take what comes. If everything is short, whether by their fault or not, it causes lots of trouble and hardship. I came across a party of three men who had been packing for sixty days. They had packed over 4,600 pounds and now they must build a boat. This will take them two weeks longer. With all their work they are not discouraged.

"You would laugh to see me tackle the fat bacon and beans. They taste as good out here as cake and pie. We are close to the timber line. The mountains are bare of any vegetable growth, all rocks and many covered with snow. Lots of what I have written will probably not interest you, but I keep scratching at what comes into my mind regardless of the connection. I will try and write once more before leaving the lake.

"I must tell you about the Indian graves. They cremate their dead here and get an expensive chest about the size of a tool chest to put the ashes in. Nearly every grave has a United States flag on a pole above it. Some of them build a house about 6x6 and have almost one side of glass, so you can see in them. Then you will find in the chest an old hat, a lamp and other things belonging to the deceased.

T. B. COREY."

CHAPTER IV.

"Kid," My First Eskimo Dog—Across Lake Lindeman on a Sled Fitted With a Sail—Over Lakes Bennett and Le Barge—Sledding it on Fifty-Mile River—Avoiding the Treacherous White Horse Rapids—Its Many Victims—"Caching" Our Supplies—Nine Days Building Our Own Crafts.

Lake Lindeman is one of the chain of lakes that form the headwaters of the Yukon. The Canadian officials speak of them as the head waters of the Lewis river. However this may be, we had reached the head of fresh water navigation. Had we arrived a few weeks later in the season we could have drifted a distance of seven hundred miles down the lakes, Lewis river and the Yukon, with the exception of a few short portages. But the lakes were still covered with ice and snow, as they do not break up for several weeks after the river opens. The current in the river seems to aid in breaking the ice and carries it down the Yukon into the Behring Sea. On the lakes it must melt and be transformed into water by the heat of the sun as it does not break up small enough to pass through the outlets.

We, however, did not have to double-trip, as we had two sleds and I had fortunately picked up a stray dog that was lost from its master. I never could find the owner of this animal, so kept him until he was killed by some rascal at the mines. I called

him "Kid" and would not have taken five hundred dollars for him. He was a perfect lead-dog and I became so much attached to him that I would have brought him home to spend the remainder of his days in comfort and luxury had he not become the victim of some cruel scoundrel. I use very strong terms in speaking of this individual; but as I never had a beast in my life before that I thought so much of, I am perhaps excusable. To return to our trip. We loaded our entire outfit on these two sleds and started across Lake Lindeman. We did not have to cache our supplies again; by simply pitching our tent at night and building a fire in our stove, we could make a bed of boughs and rest very comfortably.

We had a large sail with us which we used to great advantage. When the wind blew from a favorable quarter, we could fasten one sled behind the other and setting the sail on the head one we were off. It was necessary to erect an improvised mast on which to stretch the canvas but this we did without much trouble by simply binding a pole to the front knee of the sled. So, aided by a favorable wind, we could make good time, in fact it was impossible for us to keep ahead of the sleds. In order to steer them we cut long poles and taking a position on the back part of the sleds used them as a sort of rudder. These poles, trailing along over the ice did keep the sleds in the proper course, though at times our arms became weary from the effort necessary to effect this result.

Over Lake Bennett, a distance of thirty miles, we crossed in a single day. On Lake Le Barge also the breeze aided us and we reached the head of Thirty Mile River about the first of June.

Some, however, could not convey their outfits in one trip; they had to convey their supplies a distance of about twenty miles, to cache them and then return, in the face of the wind, after more. They could not make as good time and therefore we had distanced most of them before we embarked on Fifty Mile River.

Though Fifty Mile River was covered with ice, the White Horse Canyon and the rapids of the same name were not frozen over, and it gave us an opportunity to view them as we hauled our outfits along shore. This is a box canyon about three hundred feet long and half that distance in width. The river immediately above is more than twice as wide and the water rushes down as through a chute. It is a very dangerous place and a great many have lost their lives in attempting to run it. Some, however, do succeed in doing so but it requires a steady head and strong hand. The water runs so swiftly that one is no sooner in than he is out and should his boat strike the side, in passing through, it would be dashed into pieces in an instant. The water in entering the canyon rolls from both sides and forms a crest in the centre which is caused by the funnel-shaped approach. If the boat is rowed in with speed enough to give it steerage-way a good steersman can keep it headed on this crest without

much effort. If, however, it gets to swinging, it is likely to be rolled against the side and smashed into atoms.

The water dashing over the boulders in the White Horse Rapids throws up a white spray which resembles the flying manes of a regiment of white horses making a charge; from this fact it surely takes its name.

When we had arrived at the foot of Lake Le Barge we cached our supplies, located our tent as comfortably as possible and immediately set about building boats. As timber is quite large here we were enabled to make fairly respectable crafts. They each measured eighteen feet in length with a four foot beam and were two feet deep. It took us nine days to build them. We, however, did not hurry as we had to wait for the clearing of the ice which had not yet started out of Fifty Mile River. The first thing necessary in building a boat is to secure suitable timber. It should be large enough to square twelve inches at the small end of the log; if this cannot be obtained, such as will square six inches at the small end will answer, though a greater amount of caulking is required to make it water tight. After cutting the timber, we erected a saw-pit and rolled our logs upon it. This is done by building a platform at a sufficient height from the ground to enable a man to stand erect while working at the lower end of the whip-saw. The next move is to square the timber by sawing a slab from each side, then the log is laid out into boards one

inch thick, one-fourth of an inch being allowed for the running of the saw. This process is slow even when the saw is sharp and the men experienced. After sawing sufficient lumber to make two boats we commenced putting them together. We used great care in constructing them, as at times the safety of our supplies and our lives even, would depend on the endurance of our little crafts. We nailed them together carefully and caulked the seams with oakum; then gave them a thorough saturation of boiling pitch. The edges of the boards should always have a bevel which should be placed with the bevel side out so that the pressure of the water on the outside of the boat will aid in holding the oakum in place, and the greater the pressure the more securely will this preparation adhere to the seams. We built our boats sharp at both ends, flat bottomed and with a level keel; this model is considered best in those northern waters; the draught being light, they will float in shallow water and will pass safely over the rocks unless the latter are almost exposed. If the keel is level, they will hold a straight course when poling up stream, which a boat with a crescent-shaped keel will not do, as they keep swinging from side to side. If sharp at both ends two men can stand near the stern and pole on either side, and the stern, in this way, acts as a stationary rudder.

Later in the season, in traversing this route, from the head of Lake Lindeman to the foot of Lake Le Barge, it could be made by water most of the way.

At the head of Lake Lindeman a raft is built from such timber as may be found. The trees here do not grow large enough to make lumber for the purpose of boat building; therefore the voyage must be made on a raft until suitable timber for building a more comfortable craft can be obtained. A raft should be built so that the deck or surface is at least a foot above the surface of the water; this precaution will insure safety to the supplies when the lake is rough. This raft can be used all the way down the river but ordinarily a boat is constructed in a creek, near the head of Lake Bennett, a distance of about seven miles from the head of Lake Lindeman. When arriving at the foot of Lake Lindeman, a portage of about two hundred feet in One Mile River is necessary as the river is very crooked and rocky.

At the head of Lake Bennett the mountains are high and abrupt but a creek enters from the west where a saw mill is now located. When a boat is finished and all is placed on board, the course lies down the lake, keeping well to the right hand side until Carriboo Crossing, twenty-four miles distant, is reached. From here to the foot of Lake Tagish, a distance of twenty-one miles, the opposite side should be followed.

A broad river, six miles long, with a slow current connects Lake Tagish with Mud Lake, or as it is also called Lake Marsh. The banks of this river are low and the slopes are covered with a thick growth of cotton wood and spruce. The left bank of Mud

Lake should be followed up to the river connecting it with Lake Le Barge, where the right hand bank should be pursued until the head of the canyon, twenty-five miles below, is reached. Unless one is a skilfull navigator, it is best not to run this canyon, as it is very dangerous, to say the least. A portage can be made which will insure safety to lives and outfits. After passing the canyon, the left hand side of the river should be followed for a distance of two miles which brings one to the head of the White Horse Rapids. Approaching the Rapids, the river and its surroundings are so commonplace that one is almost upon them before becoming aware of their nearness. Great caution should be exercised and a sharp lookout kept on reaching the place where the landing is to be made. These rapids are about half a mile in length and are caused by innumerable, immense boulders lying in the river bed. When the water is very high these rapids may be run in safety but when the depth is only average, one is obliged to make a portage of about two hundred feet at the head of the Rapids and another of about five hundred feet near the foot, but when the water is low so as to give a pathway on the bank, the boat may be lined down. From the foot of White Horse Rapids, to the head of Lake Le Barge the water way is clear and the distance about thirty miles.

Lake Le Barge is between four and five miles wide and about thirty miles in length. In crossing it, it is well to steer for an island located near the

center. If the wind is very high, it is better to cross to the left hand side and keep close to the shore. In Thirty Mile River the current is very swift and the water much sprinkled with rocks. This lasts until the Hootalinqua River is reached; from there on the sailing is smooth for a distance of one hundred and thirty-six miles.

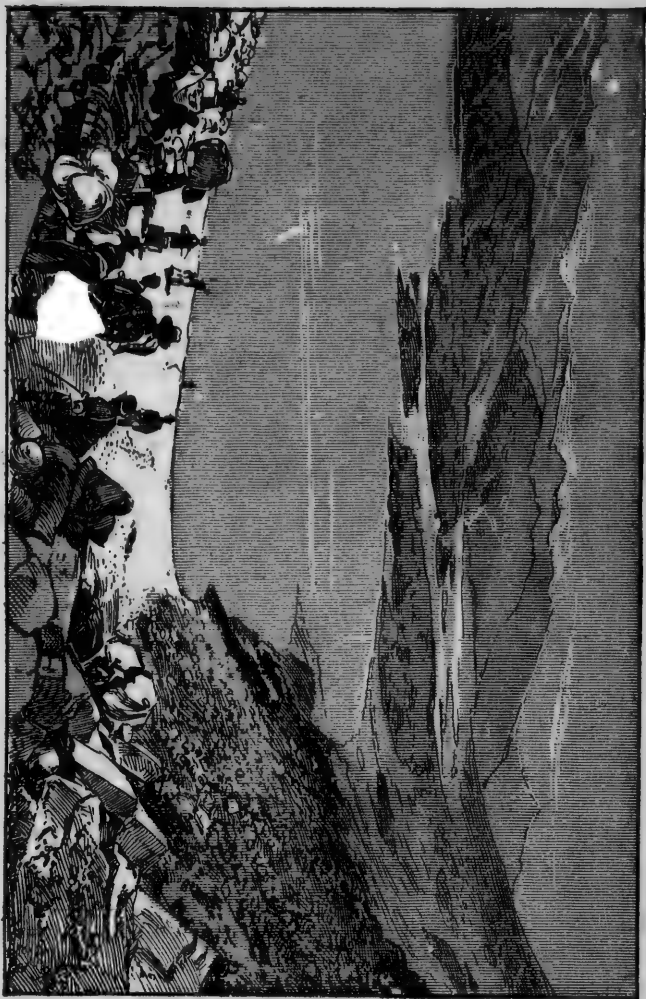
CHAPTER V.

Sailing Down Thirty Mile River—The Perils of "Five Fingers"—The Funny Adventures of "Blizzard Bill"—Ruins of Old Fort Selkirk—Here the Yukon Assumes Its Name—J. F. Miller's Experiences on the Same Route, June, 1897—Graveyards by the White Horse Rapids.

We embarked on Thirty Mile River the first of June and followed the ice down to the Yukon, passing the mouths of the Big and Little Salmon Rivers.

Five Fingers, the next dangerous spot, is so called on account of five rocks that project out of the water and resemble the fingers of a person's hand. We had ample warning of our approaching this place by the increased speed of the current and the rugged appearance of the shores; so we kept our boats well to the right and thus were enabled to steer into the right hand passage when we rounded a turn so sharp as to almost form a right angle. A landing may be made about one hundred feet from Five Fingers in order to lighten the boat, which may be swamped if too heavily loaded. However, we considered ours light enough and did not make this landing.

The water here is very swift and like that of the canyon has a rolling motion from both sides and from the right hand Finger, or rock. If the boat is kept well on this crest, all will be well, but if allowed to strike



CRATER LAKE; LOOKING NORTH FROM SUMMIT OF CHILKOOT PASS.

either side, it is doubtful if a piece large enough to be identified would ever be found.

Just before entering the Fingers, a little to the left, is a whirlpool which it is well to avoid. Here we underwent a strange experience, at times ludicrous, but which had also its serious side, as it kept us quite anxious for several hours.

Accompanying us, in a boat of his own, was a man from Seattle, whom the boys on the trail had dubbed "Blizzard Bill." He was a long, gaunt individual, and would have been about nine feet tall if there had not been so much of him turned up for foundation; one of those fellows, you know, who can always do a little more than any one else. According to him, a giant could not have performed the feats of strength that he had accomplished with ease. He had been through more adventures than any other man, living or dead; he was afraid of nothing short of the "Old Boy" and from his general conversation one would gather that 'he wouldn't give even him more'n half the road.' In short, he was such an earnest, persistent and voluminous blow-hard that he had become known, all through that country, by the above nick-name. Like all of his kind, he was too wise to follow the lead of his fellow men and was therefore always getting into some difficulty.

In this particular instance, notwithstanding our caution, he was caught in this whirlpool and half a day elapsed ere he succeeded in getting out. The last we saw of him, before we passed through the

Fingers, he was drifting up stream at a rapid rate. When we got through, we went ashore and waited for him but he did not come. At first the thought of "Blizzard Bill" floating around in this whirlpool brought smiles to our faces; we could imagine him sitting in his boat with his legs stretched out in front, pulling with all his might but being carried up stream for a quarter of a mile and then back in spite of all that he could do. Round and round he went like a merry-go-round, the merry being absent, however. Every time he would come down, he would seem to be heading for the rocks; so with hair on end, whiskers flying and eyes glassy with fright he would struggle at the oars but to no effect. The waters played with this wonderful man as with a toy and when they got tired of their sport, and released him, he came drifting through broadside on, threatened every instant with being dashed against the rock. What a sight he was, pale as death and so weak from fright and exhaustion that he could hardly make a landing in the placid waters below. As soon as we had assured ourselves that he would not die of fright we felt very much relieved indeed. After this, he never showed of his prowess and skill as a river man, in our presence, and it is safe to assume that if ever "Blizzard Bill" traverses this route again he will hug the right hand bank when about to pass through Five Fingers.

We got aboard again and had been drifting close to the shore for a distance of about three miles, when we heard the roar of Rink Rapids. These Rapids

are formed by a line of rocks which almost crosses the river at this point; for one and one-quarter miles the water goes down boiling and seething, making a noise which re-echoes through the hills like a thunder-bolt. By keeping close to the right hand shore, however, we floated through without accident.

Between fifty and sixty miles farther down, run over a smooth water course, stand the ruins of Old Fort Selkirk. This fort was burned by marauding Indians in 1853, and has never been re-built. The chimneys of stone are still standing as a sentinel in the wilderness to mark the lapse of time. Here we got the first view of civilization since we turned our backs on Dyea. We had "bucked" the ice all the way down the river. That is, we had followed it closely. Sometimes it would jam and the water would back up and overflow the banks. At one time we had to row back more than half a mile to find room to pitch our tent. Such blockades end by the water backing up until the volume is so great that the ice gives way; then with a roar the current rushes on until another jam is formed, which happens at intervals all the way down the river. Care should be taken not to be too close when one of these blockades break up, or the boat will be sucked in among the cakes of ice and stove to pieces.

At Fort Selkirk, Mr. Harper, who for many years has been an outside landmark in Alaska and the Yukon district, runs a trading post, where supplies may be purchased. This place is so important in

this section that some of the river boats lie in winter quarters here. At this point the Pelly and Lewis Rivers run together and from here to the Behring Sea the River is called Yukon. As we were first on the trail in the spring, we saw but little of other parties going over the same route. We had lost half of our supplies by being shipwrecked on the Pacific. This lightened our outfit to such an extent that we kept well ahead, so we saw but little of the disasters of others.

And yet the route that we had traversed from Dyea to the Hootalinqua River is dotted with graves. Indians and white men alike have succumbed to the relentless elements and have been laid away in the mountain sides. A party of four men who followed us were, as we learned afterwards, drowned in the waters of the canyon, and their bodies discovered by strangers and buried in the bank below. One man was seen to dash against a rock, at Five Fingers, and nothing but his roll of blankets was ever found. Such was the fate of others and we were happy indeed to be among the fortunate ones. We, however, had used caution, and our experience before we reached Dyea had taught us a lesson of patience that was of advantage to us. Such were the conditions surrounding this trail when we traversed it in the spring of '96.

As the reader would perhaps be interested in the experience of another prospector who passed over the same route a year later I will quote from a letter written by John F. Miller, who was a prom-

inent man in Washington State affairs before he left for the gold fields.

The letter was addressed to his wife, to whom the public is indebted for the pleasure of perusing it.

Dawson City, June 17, 1897.

"Well, we arrived at the end of our long journey, Saturday, 12, at two o'clock. We arrived safe and sound, without having a pound of goods wet or having been wet ourselves, without an accident or unusual experience of any kind.

"The boat was a perfect little hero, and if I was to come again, I would, under the same circumstances, make my own boat, just as was done this trip. It was light, strong, comparatively easy to handle and almost perfectly dry. It is indeed a very pleasant adventure for us to do so much better, to make quicker time and to have so much greater luck with our outfit than has been the case with old, experienced Yukoners. The only places on the trip that are worthy of being called "hair-raising" are the Summit, Windy Arm, Lake Le Barge, the Canyon, White Horse, Five Fingers and Rink Rapids. Of all these the White Horse is, of course, the most formidable, next the Five Fingers, next the Canyon, etc. At the Canyon we took out about one thousand pounds, carried it over the hills and then went through with the boat. It is a bad place, to be sure, but not dangerous if one only exercises common sense. The White Horse was impassible. We took out our goods, lined the boat down as far as possible, then made a portage and carried it in

below the Rapids, so that no danger or possible loss could occur. What is known as Thirty Mile River, between Lake Le Barge and the mouth of the Hootalinqua River, is the worst water on the trip; not dangerous to life, but to goods; so many boats are wrecked on the rocks. We were fortunate enough to escape without hitting a rock or getting fast on a sandbar.

"But, at best, it is a long, long trip. We left Lake Bennett the 31st of May at 2 o'clock P. M. We were delayed nearly two days at Windy Arm and one day at the Canyon and Rapids. They are three miles apart and a troubled water they are. It is the trip of a life time, and with a variety of experiences, from sliding over sixty feet of snow to breathing incense among the songbirds and flowers—to say nothing of the boiling hot sun. My birthday was passed on Thirty Mile River—that dangerous water I spoke of—and the only feature we had worthy of calling a celebration was that we had some fresh moose meat, the first fresh meat we ate since we struck the trail. O, my, we had a fine meal! After we left the Hootalinqua, we sailed day and night. The nights are as light as day here. One would not know the difference, save that the sun is not shining for about two hours. We are both feeling well; not quite tired out with the long run.

"The Yukon is a broad, majestic river, and displays some of the grandest views I ever beheld. It has a terribly swift current, but the water is as muddy as that of the Missouri. All day long and all

night too, one could hear the song birds singing their pleasing little notes and apparently mocking the trials of mankind—at least it seemed a mockery to me. We saw no game except goose and duck. If we had only brought a shot gun we could have had game almost the entire way. We bought moose and cariboo meat from the Indians, trading some raisins for it. Just think of the distance we have come in that little boat. O, yes; I said the Five Fingers was a piece of water to be dreaded. Well, it is worse than the Canyon, and the bad feature is that it is in a place where it is impossible to take out any goods. There were some boats there when we came along. They had inspected it and told us the rocks to avoid. We followed the course and the little boat came through like a swan. The river below the Hootalinqua, for perhaps two hundred miles, is a well defined channel without islands or sand bars; then all sorts of obstructions bob up except rocks; then more islands, bars and cross currents until Sixty Mile; a comparatively good channel the remainder of the way. Some parties met with losses, most of them in Thirty Mile River. A Mr. Peters, with several tons of merchandise, such as clocks, knives, silver ware, dress goods, groceries, blankets—in fact a general merchandising outfit, was wrecked in the canyon. He managed to get his boat through, but all his goods were wet and greatly damaged. While lying above the White Horse, I helped to secure an outfit which came floating down. A couple of fellows were wrecked

and lost most of their possessions and wearing apparel, boat, etc. But in all these cases of loss, the disaster can be traced to awkwardness or neglect. As I said before we had no trouble in the least. There was no need whatever of our carrying our goods around the Canyon, but we took no chances; we did it as a precautionary measure.

"The little boat is now tied up here at our journey's end. It seems a shame to destroy her since she has been such a faithful little craft. Still, her days of usefulness are passed, and she, like all the world, must again return to Mother Earth and mingle with the rocks. I thank God she has brought us safely, for she has been tried, at times severely. A thousand miles is no child's wandering for even so staunch a boat. All sorts of gloomy possibilities were pictured to us by those who had been over the river before, but we paid no attention to them, and came along, arriving a week ahead of many of those who criticised the craft. The weather has been very warm during the day, but at night it is very cold. There is no heat whatever in the earth, so as soon as the sun goes down the frost in the ground fills the air with moisture and cold. My whiskers stand me in good stead against the mosquitoes. I had my hair cut at Windy Arm by a "barber" who said he had never cut a man's hair, but had clipped a horse about eight years ago. You can imagine the cut!

"For the last day and night, we floated down the river in company with a couple of Juneau acquaint-

ances of Harry's. We just lashed the boats together and floated. The rest of the way we were alone, not a boat in sight in many days. Some families came in, some with small children. There was a sad sight at the head of Lake Lindeman, where a poor baby was laid to rest upon a little hill just before entering the Canyon. Another sad incident took place at the foot of Lake Marsh, where a man was accidentally shot and killed. He, too, was placed to rest upon the bank of the river. The only graveyard or graves to be seen are at the foot of the White Horse. Indian graves are very frequent, and some of them are located in commanding and romantic places. Among all the people who have come in this season, I have not heard of a drowning or any very narrow escape. The water was very low at the White Horse, but high farther down.

"I have now written quite at length regarding the trip and its features, and, by the way, I must say that no one has any right, or ought, to undertake it unless he is ready and willing to put up with anything at all times and to undergo any and all kinds of hardships, privations and exposure."

CHAPTER VI.

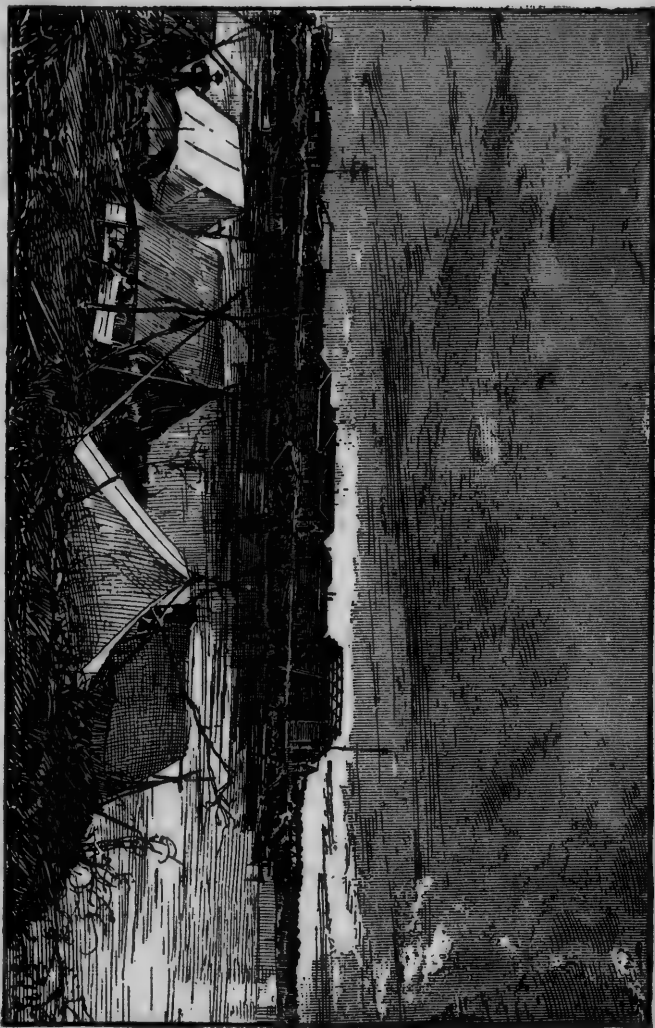
On the Yukon at Last—The Breaking-up of the Ice Jam—Entering the Stewart, or "Grub Stake" River Poling vs. Rowing—The Ferocious Mahoney Indians—Dutch John's Bar—Jerking Moose Flesh—Digging Gold at Sperry Bank—Prospecting the McQuestion River—Looking After Supplies and Winter Quarters.

We arrived in the evening and pitched our tent for the first time on the banks of the Yukon. The trail that we had traversed was indeed rough and the hardships endured by us must be experienced in order to be thoroughly understood.

As we were the first to arrive from the outside world we were besieged for news on every hand. We had no newspapers with us, so related the more important happenings of the past year, which were listened to with a relish and which were again told by one to another, being handed around like the traditions of old.

The ice was still jammed in the river and we were delayed until the blockade broke. This occurred in the afternoon of the next day when we took to our boat and proceeded down the stream. The country here is well timbered and many islands dot the river, which is smooth and very wide for about 90 miles.

At last we were on the Yukon and in the country of gold. Just where to locate and begin work was



CIRCLE CITY, ON THE YUKON.

a problem. After turning the matter over in our minds, we decided that perhaps we might as well work our way up the Stewart River. We continued on, down the Yukon, meeting with no incidents or accidents of importance and the scenery varying but little, until we reached the White River. It flows in from the west and is a broad, rapid stream. The current runs about sixteen miles per hour and the waters are muddy white in color. Its name is perhaps derived from this fact. This river has been but little prospected on account of the rapid current which makes it almost impossible to get supplies up the stream. It is supposed to rise near the base of an active volcano, though the only authority for this supposition is the traditions of the natives. Here the Yukon broadens to a mile in width but the valley maintains its general appearance for some miles further, though the islands become more numerous and in some instances larger. Ten miles farther down the Yukon, the Stewart River joins it from the east. As we had elected to try our fortune in this valley we swung our boat into this deep, dark stream and bade good-bye to the Yukon. The banks of this river are very rugged, rising in many places in a perpendicular bluff for hundreds of feet. At this time the water was high and we had great difficulty in poling our boat up the stream. At intervals, we had to go into camp for several days, waiting for the water to fall. The currents in all of these rivers are so strong that it is impossible to row a boat against them; there-

fore the traveler must resort to poling. Two good men who are used to this kind of work can pole a boat about fifteen miles a day. For poling, a boat should be flat-bottomed and level on the keel.

The Stewart River is supposed to be about five hundred and fifty miles in length, though white men have never reached its source. A man by the name of Johnson and his son have followed it up to about four hundred and fifty miles from its mouth but were run out by the Indians before they could note many of the land marks. It took them all their time to save their scalps from the ferocious Mahoneys, a tribe of northern Indians that inhabit the upper Stewart. At the Falls, about one hundred and seventy-five miles from the river's mouth, is the so-called "dead line," and even the Stewart River Indians never cross this. The Mahoneys are at war with every other tribe, and with the world in general; and no one who has had the hardihood to trespass on their domains has ever returned to tell the tale.

This tribe lives almost entirely by hunting and fishing. Occasionally, however, they will dodge out to the "Harper House" at Fort Selkirk and trade furs for ammunition, tea and tobacco. At one time, Mr. Harper traded them one thousand dollars worth of these articles for furs. Usually a small detachment, consisting of about half a dozen suddenly appear at the trading post and as soon as their trading is completed as suddenly disappear. Between them and the Stewart River Indians in particular,

there exists a bitter feud and they will kill each other on sight. They are armed with the old rifles of the Hudson Bay Company pattern which they obtained years ago from a post of that company then established on the Mackenzie River, a branch of which also flows through their country. The price of one of these rifles, when bought by the Mahoney tribe, was a stack of furs which when piled on the floor beside the rifle would reach to the muzzle. For some reason they have never yet obtained the modern pattern of breech loaders and repeaters. These Indians, thus far, have rejected all civilizing influences and as they occupy one of nature's staunchest strongholds, located in a wilderness of frost and barricaded with ice and snow, they will probably defy the intrusion of the white man for years to come, unless subdued by the arts of some venturesome missionary.

The Mahoney Mountains form the watershed between the Stewart and Mackenzie Rivers. The north side of these mountains is drained by the last named and its branches, which find their outlet in the Arctic Ocean, while the waters of the south side flow over the Stewart and Pelly River beds into the Yukon.

The Stewart River is also called "Grub Stake River," for it is here that the miner returns after a season of unprofitable prospecting. There is gold on all its bars, and a prospector never fails to take out a grub stake in a short time. The river bottom is covered with grass and, unlike the soil that is

protected with moss, thaws out in summer. In all our prospecting on this river we did not strike frost but found that the gravel fell from it.

We had worked our way up the Stewart, for a distance of twenty-five miles, when we were obliged to go into camp on account of the water being so high that we could not reach bottom with our implements.

We called this "High Water Camp," and while waiting here for the water to fall, we spent the time in hunting and fishing. We killed three moose and two bears and caught any quantity of fish. Thus we were provided with fresh meat which was very palatable indeed after living on bacon for so many weeks. The fish were of the variety called white fish by the miners on account of the color of their flesh which is of a clear white. The flesh is solid and very sweet. They are a fresh water fish with scales and resemble the salmon in shape and size; they are as sportive as bass and are taken with a trolling hook.

At the end of three weeks, however, the water had fallen so that we could proceed farther up the stream. After a hard push of about five miles we reached "Dutch John's Bar," so-called because it had been discovered by an individual who in that country was known by that sobriquet. We staid here for a few days, having in the meantime taken out eleven ounces of the precious metal and then pushed on for a richer find. One mile further up we landed on Lac De Bar, but as the prospects

were not very encouraging we did not tarry long. Two miles further we went into camp on the Half Moon Bar, so named on account of its crescent form. Here we killed two more moose, the flesh of which we jerked and then cached. This is done by cutting the flesh into strips and spreading these out on a sort of gridiron platform built on poles high enough to be secure from the attacks of animals of prey. The heat of the sun soon forms a crust which protects it from the flies. After caching our jerked moose we struck camp and three miles further up found a slough that we thought inviting. In four days we had taken out twenty-one ounces, or about \$22.00 per day to the man, which was very satisfactory. The water, however, drove us out of here as it kept rising all the time and finally raised us entirely out of the pay dirt. Porcupine Bar, three miles further up, was our next stop; there we found two men named respectively Raymond and White. This bar was discovered about fifteen years ago and was very rich, paying from seventy-five to one hundred dollars per day when worked with a rocker. The Stewart River is Raymond's favorite diggings, and he is found here year after year. He had been three years on this bar. He left it when the Klondyke strike was made, but arrived on the scene too late to get a choice claim, so returned again to the Stewart. The pay here was not rich enough for us; so in the morning, we moved on, and after poling for 14 miles against a rapid current, we reached Chapman Bar. This we prospected but found that

60 MEETING PROSPECTORS ALONG RIVER

the pay dirt, though quite rich, was covered with so much barren sand that it was not profitable to strip it. We passed up to Joe Jay Bar, a distance of about twenty miles. Here we found Stallers and Peterson, who had come up the winter before on the ice hauling their provisions on sleds and had commenced work as soon as the thaw set in. They had bought the bar from Joe Jay who had located it. Like many transactions of this nature in this country they were to pay for it when they had taken the money out of the ground. They were getting along nicely, however, and would probably be able to settle with Joe the following winter and have a snug sum left. We dropped back about two miles and a half to Sperry Bank. Here we found the old diggings quite good. Further down the stream, however, I noticed a bar lying low in the water and decided to prospect it. When I did so I found it paid about twenty dollars per day. This was considered fair, but after working a few days, we concluded to push up the river again and if we found nothing better we could return and work it out. We named this Low Water Bar. Forty miles brought us to the McQuestion River, which joins the Stewart from the west. It heads on the opposite side of the mountains in which the wonderful Klondyke finds its source. We continued on, however, and prospected a bar about two miles further up. Not satisfied with this, we went three miles further to a place called "Black Mike's Bar" because of the color of the man who located it, but

were not yet satisfied that we had found the best in the country.

I, for my part, was contented to turn back and finish the season on the bar which I had discovered near Sperry Bank. The boys, however, wanted to find something richer. Finally we decided to return to the mouth of the McQuestion and there separate. We concluded that it would be better for two of us to drop back to Low Water Bar and put in the balance of the season working it, while the others continued prospecting. This method would insure us a steady income of about forty dollars per day which would keep us well supplied with "grub" besides giving us a nice margin for the folks at home. At the mouth of the McQuestion, we separated. Gage Warden and myself dropped down the Stewart while the other boys went up the McQuestion. Bidding the boys God speed we shoved off and in a few days were again encamped on Low Water Bar. About the 10th of September, while at work here, we were signaled from a raft that was floating by. We immediately shoved our boat in the stream and rowed towards it and were indeed pleased to learn that it was manned by our partners. They had their boat aboard, in which their outfit was snugly stored. An improvised canopy of the ever useful canvas was stretched over this, which protected them from the sun but did not ward off the refreshing breeze. We went aboard and drifted down the river with them. They had prospected the McQuestion for a distance of 100 miles and

though they brought back considerable gold they had found nothing that was an improvement on our present location. At the mouth of the river, however, they had cut about two hundred logs, which they were now rafting down to Sixty Mile, where they hoped to exchange them for provisions. We concluded that it would be best for them to continue with the raft, while we worked a little longer, and then follow and meet them later at the trading post.

After drifting with them for about two miles we embarked in our boat and made our way back to our camp where we continued at work until September 19th, when we struck camp and joined them.

Our stock of provisions was exhausted. Our larder contained nothing but jerked moose and cocoa. We had been out of flour for two weeks and as we had no condensed milk or sugar we could not use the cocoa. We traded this to the Indians for moose flesh and they in turn, having no more use for it than we had, traded it to some miners for tobacco.

It had now been about seven months since we left Seattle. We had gone through a great deal of hardship but had found a little gold; in fact we were satisfied with our success and well content with our journey thus far.

It was our intention to return as soon as we could, as the cold weather might set in at any time. When we returned we had calculated to erect a cabin and prepare our quarters for the winter season that would soon be upon us. We could also arrange to

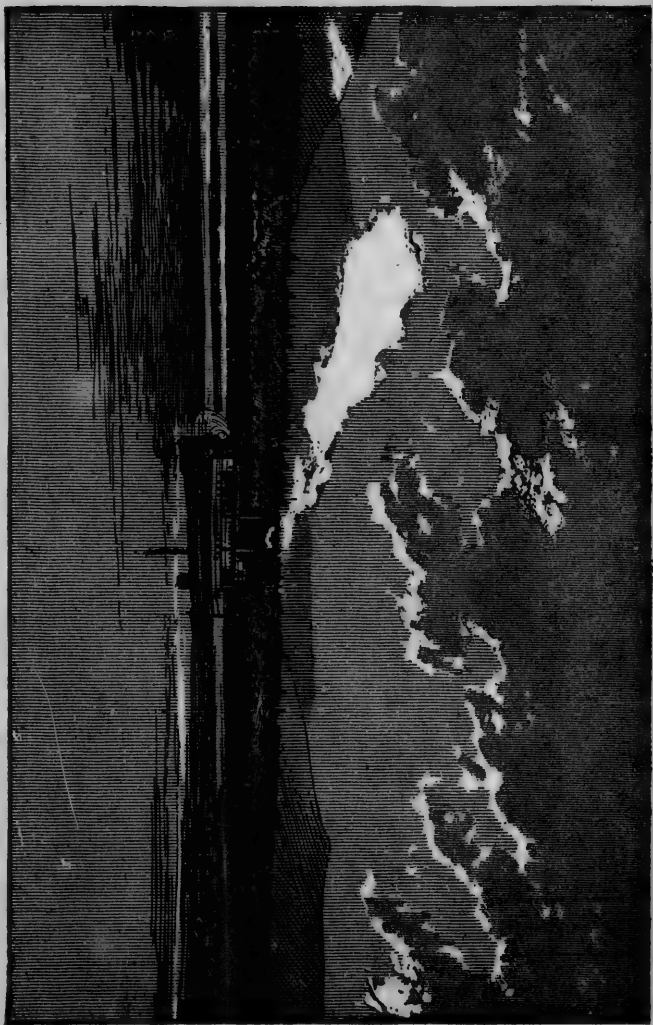
strip some of the barren sand from the bar. In fact we had put in many an idle moment in planning for our comfort and had even calculated the exact time when we would return to the States with ample means to keep us in comfort the balance of our days. Not in luxury—we did not aim as high as that—for our little bar was limited and we did not care to spend our lives in this region.

We drifted down the river in comfort, laying aside the poles that had been our mainstay and props in our journey up. When we reached Porcupine Bar, we tied up long enough to load the jerked moose we had cached there early in the season. We found it in good condition and it had not been molested, though undoubtedly seen by others passing along the river. It is the custom, in this country, to leave everything that belongs to you where you please, even in the most exposed places. It is seldom that you will find on your return that it has been molested, no matter how valuable it may be. The miners have a law, though an unwritten one, that is very severe toward any one who takes what does not belong to him. Woe betide him who is caught in the act or who is even strongly suspected of being light-fingered. The least punishment that such can expect is to be ordered out of the country with instructions not to return on pain of death.

CHAPTER VII.

The First News of the Klondike "Strike"—Old Indian the News-Bearer—Reaching Sixty-Mile Post—A Storm on the Yukon—Two Claims Staked by My Partners on Bonanza Creek—We Locate Two More on the Hardly Known Eldorado Creek—Plenty of Gold, but no Supplies—Down the Yukon After Food—A Terrible Jam of Ice-Floes.

When we had picked up our jerked moose we continued on down the river without incident of any kind until we met an Indian about 30 miles from the Yukon. This was "Old Chief Joseph" who had been down to Sixty Mile after tea and tobacco for his people, one of the Stewart River tribes. As he was on his way up stream he was "hugging the shore" so as to avoid the current. We steered towards him, and after the habit of that country, both parties made fast in order to "swap" such news as we had in stock. Here we first heard of the great "strike" in the Klondyke district. We could not talk his language but he could make himself understood. "White man find heap gold on Klondyke," said he, and he related in his best English, some of which we understood, all the particulars of the rich strike and the stampede from all parts of the Yukon that followed. We lost no time in starting for this wonderful country where the bed rock is lined with gold. Not content with the now too slow current, we got out our oars and



YUKON NAVIGATION IN THE SUMMER TIME.

rowed. The days were getting much shorter and in consequence the weather much colder. We, however, were well protected, having with us the furs taken from the moose and bear that we had been fortunate enough to kill.

We reached Sixty Mile in good time and halted there for supplies. Here we met a number of miners who confirmed the Indian's statement as to the riches of the Klondyke district. They had just come up after locating claims on Bonanza Creek. We bought from Mr. Haley, agent for the North American Transportation Company, at Sixty Mile Post, a sack of flour, some salt and some tobacco. This was all he would let us have, as provisions were short with him, but he told us we could get all we wanted at Dawson City as he expected the "Arctic" would leave at least forty tons there. I can't describe how we appreciated this little stock. We had had nothing to eat but jerked moose without salt or pepper to season it with, for more than two weeks. We had some baking powder and made some bread which tasted better to me than any other I had ever eaten. As I was eating or rather devouring it, the familiar phrase "Bread is the staff of life," occurred to me, and I wondered if the author ever had a similar experience before he penned those words. The salt gave the jerked moose a flavor that made it very palatable indeed, after having eaten so much of it without seasoning. The flesh of the moose is very much like venison. This and bear meat were the only fresh meat we had in that

country, until later when some steers were driven into the district, and beef was a pleasing variation from the usual bill of fare.

We lost no time in continuing down the Yukon. Soon after we started, however, a snow storm arose and compelled us to go into camp. It lasted for a day and a half when it ceased as suddenly as it had commenced. The cold was very penetrating and, though we had no way to ascertain the temperature, I have no doubt the thermometer would have registered at least twenty degrees below zero. The wind was strong and the sharp particles of snow cut like a knife. We covered our tent with about two feet of spruce branches, kept the stove well filled with wood and wrapping our blankets around us were well protected from the storm and quite comfortable. We chafed under the delay as we thought the creek might all be staked out before we could arrive on the ground. What we thought to be our misfortune, however, turned out to be our good fortune, as will appear later in this narrative. Finally the storm ceased, the sun shone as before, and we, gratified at our release, again set out for the Eldorado of the world.

Four and a half days after we left Low Water Bar, we arrived at the mouth of the Klondyke. Here we found our partners waiting for us as they expected we would join the stampede. They had lost their raft on the Stewart river, having run on a rock and the strong current had torn it to pieces before they could get it adrift. They had, however,

gone on down the river and had each staked a claim on Bonanza Creek. We lost no time here but started immediately for the Bonanza which is about 28 miles from the confluence of the Klondyke and Yukon. We went overland following an old Indian trail which had been used for many years by the natives in getting to their hunting grounds in the mountains. This trail is the hypotenuse, as it were, of the angle formed by the Klondyke River and Bonanza Creek which it crosses near Discovery, about twenty-five miles up the stream. We found this creek staked from its mouth to its source which was a bitter disappointment to us. However, we did not sit down and waste our time in regrets but pushed on until we had reached the Eldorado. This looked inviting but at that time gold had not been found in the Gulch. We were determined to drive our stakes somewhere in this district and concluded that this would perhaps do as well as any other place. We hurried out to Dawson City and made our applications for which we paid \$15.00 each in dust. We now had four claims but did not know that they were worth the sixty dollars we had paid for filing them, nor could we tell until the ground froze up, as we could not sink a shaft on account of the high water which covered them at this season. But little time was left for us to look up a supply of provisions for the winter as it was now the 29th day of September, and the river might freeze over any time. In fact we had taken a desperate risk in not looking after this important matter earlier. Neither had

we erected a cabin, and if the winter should set in before we had comfortable quarters we might suffer severely from the cold. As soon as we had secured our claims we started down the Yukon, having failed to get provisions at Dawson City. Such as we had procured at Sixty Mile Post were now nearly gone. We had plenty of gold but we could not eat it. For a time I wondered if this metal was such valuable stuff after all. It seemed that the whole world was striving to obtain it, myself among the rest, and yet, now that it could not be exchanged for food, I did not appreciate it as formerly. Still, we might obtain such supplies as we needed at Forty Mile or Fort Cudahy or even if we were obliged to go down the Yukon for a distance of two hundred and seventy-five miles to Circle City, we would have been satisfied if we were sure to get them. We must have provisions and as there were none up the river we must proceed with the current until we had obtained at least enough to keep us from starving during the long cold winter.

On our way down, we met the rear guard of stampeding Forty Mile bound for the Klondyke. It was a motley procession. On rafts and in boats of every description were all sorts of people taking with them everything movable. Forty Mile was literally moving for the Yukon. Nearly every living thing that had previously called Forty Mile "home" was in line. Men who had been in a drunken stupor for weeks were stowed in the bottom of boats and taken along to locate claims. All classes of human-

ity were there. Honest, hard-working miners, saloon keepers and their attaches and hangers-on, the female followers of mining camps, and, in fact, every human being save the attendants of the trading post. Indeed it was a wild, mad rush, each striving to reach the golden land before the other. It was a sight to look upon, and I could thoroughly enjoy it, as I had been in many stampedes myself. In fact we had just experienced the same feeling, though we had but little company, as the region above was sparsely populated. The symptom consists of a grasping, feverish, impatient anxiety that can be relieved only by reaching the destination sought; it matters not if the pursuit be swift, the pace seems always slow. All human feeling, pity, generosity, sympathy and even common sense are, for the time, overpowered by the animal nature, and, like a pack of starving wolves in pursuit of prey, they push wildly on.

When we were about twenty-five miles above Forty Mile we were overtaken by a storm. The weather became suddenly very cold, so cold in fact that a coating of ice formed on the river. We at first thought that winter had set in and that we would have to forsake our boats and make our way with sleds. It was a dreary prospect. With nothing but a tent for shelter and but a small supply of provisions, we felt far from comfortable. The freeze, however, proved to be but a warning, evidently sent out to notify us that winter was hard by. The weather moderated and at the end of four days

the ice broke up. We dragged our boat upon a large cake of this slush ice and taking our places inside floated down with it. This we did in order to keep our boats from being jammed. It was a happy thought, but even then we had all we could do to keep them from being stove in, as large cakes of ice continually mounted that on which we were drifting and we were kept constantly at work pushing it away with our poles. At one time, the field of ice of which the cake we were on formed a part, became jammed between two small islands, and the grating noise of the crushing ice made us shiver as it crept closer and closer. The front of the floe, wedged in between these islands, would not yield to the pressure of the current and as the frigid mass swayed and trembled huge pieces were pushed out of the river and shot upon the shore.

The cakes of ice coming down from behind piled one upon another and cut off our retreat. It was a close pinch, and, for a few moments, alarming, but an angle seemed to form around us and we were safe unless this gave way. We could do nothing to strengthen it and, with bated breath, we watched the outcome. Would the pressure grow too great and our protecting wall be forced in? Soon, however, much to our relief, the field separated, dividing both ways, and left us on the outside. The mass became, as it were, top-heavy on both sides at once, and when it separated one-half of it went around either island.

We continued on down the river, occasionally

spying an opening where we could row and gain a little on the current. At times, we were forced to take refuge on some friendly cake of ice and wait another chance to proceed without danger. It was a perilous journey, but we were driven on by necessity. We must have a stock of provisions or we would surely die from starvation ere the winter passed. We had learned from those we met on the way that there were provisions at Forty Mile but that the stock was rapidly decreasing, and our only hope was to arrive there ere it had entirely disappeared. Finally we reached the trading post in safety, though we had a number of narrow escapes from being crushed in the ice.

Fortunately the provisions were not all gone, though we could only purchase our allowance. The trading companies had estimated the number of men that were depending on them for supplies and also the amount of provisions they had on the river and had concluded to pro-rate their stock among them. We could get but one hundred pounds of flour to the man and other provisions handled by the companies in proportion. This forethought on the part of the traders proved to be a timely precaution against famine and much credit is due them for thus looking after the prospectors who depend on them for their winter supplies when they return to these oases of civilization after a summer spent in the hills.

CHAPTER VIII.

Was There Gold in Our Claims?—The Placer Miner's Ever Reviving Hopes—Is it Clondyke, Klondyke or Klondike?—The Story of George W. McCormack, the original Discoverer of this Nature's Treasure House, August 15, 1896.

The ice had now run down and we could return in safety to the Klondyke. We were anxious to return before the winter set in, as we could make our way by boat much easier than by sled. Then, too, we wanted to know whether our claims were on the pay streaks or not and we could tell only by driving a shaft to bed rock.

The life of a placer miner is one of constant hope. If a man is not endowed with a most sanguine disposition he will never be a successful prospector. The same fascination that leads men to wager hard-earned money on the high card, enters into this occupation. The hope of obtaining a promising location is so fascinating that it leads one on through months of hardships that could not be endured for a week by a pessimistic or morose nature. Then comes the task of sinking a shaft through ten to thirty feet of frozen ground, literally burning one's way through, working almost day and night, sustained by the hope that one will be rewarded with yellow nuggets ere bed rock is reached. How eagerly the miner watches the test pans from time to time,

and when the first color is obtained how his face lights up with satisfaction. If he finds that he has "struck pay dirt" he feels that, at last, his efforts have been rewarded. After staking a discovery claim he hastens out to tell his good fortune to all he meets. He advises them to locate on the same creek, for a prospector is generous and would share with friend or stranger. A dwarfed heart cannot remain long such in the outskirts of civilization; it will soon be expanded by the surrounding warmth of good fellowship, or else be frozen to death by the chilly neglect. The miner is loyal to his friends and honorable in all his dealings; he is the Solon, and in many cases the executor of his laws, which are founded on the text "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." As civilization advances, his eyes will wander toward the wilderness and wistfully scan the horizon; and when the pressure becomes too great he will set out and, accompanied by his dogs as his sole companions will push beyond its borders to return with the news of another strike; or, if unsuccessful, he will come back for more provisions to sustain him while he continues the search. Such are the characteristics of the typical prospector.

But to return to our trip. We started back, up the river, feeling well satisfied with our success in having obtained this meager supply. To be sure, we must have more ere the winter had passed; but we had learned that the "Alice" was expected at Dawson City before the freeze set in for good and

74 WAITING FOR THE KLONDYKE TO FREEZE

we hoped to be able to procure an additional supply from her cargo.

On our way up, we overtook several men who had met with accidents by the ice. In some instances, their boats had been crushed and their outfits partly ruined. As a rule, however, they had saved some portion of it and were not suffering, though they were delayed until they had built rafts on which to proceed.

In this country where flour and bacon are so precious, a man will take great risk of life in order to protect his supplies. He will even use his body, as one ordinarily uses one's hands, to ward off blows from ice or rock that might endanger the cargo of his frail craft as the loss of it might result in his starving in the wilderness.

After five days' poling, we reached the mouth of the Klondyke River with our supplies in good conditions, and pitched our tents on ground now occupied by Dawson City.

At this time, there were but a few tents here and only two or three cabins. Joe Ladue had already made application to locate the ground and had erected a sawmill here which he had moved down the Yukon from Sixty Mile.

We went into camp with the intention of waiting until the Klondyke should freeze over so that we could convey our provisions, by sled, to our claims on the Eldorado. This was necessary as our claims were about twenty-eight miles away over a rough

and mountainous trail, which was covered with soft, fluffy moss about a foot deep.

There seems to be a difference of opinion as to the correct way to spell this word. Some spell it K-l-o-n-d-y-k-e while others, of as good authority, persist in spelling it with a "C." Klondyke is probably correct as the Canadian officials spell it in this way and so does the mining Commissioner for the Klondyke district. On the Canadian maps, where the river is noted at all, it is spelled with a "K." The Commissioner is perhaps the best authority and, in writing this volume, his orthography will be accepted.

The Indians call it "Thron Duyck," which signifies in their language "plenty of fish." However the authorities differ as to the proper spelling of the name, there is one thing on which all agree, that is, that the branches of this river, notably Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks, mark the richest placer mines that the world has record of.

The mines of California, in her balmyest days, were not to be compared with these. Those of Australia, South Africa and New Zealand pale into insignificance when compared with those of the Eldorado and Bonanza. It has been said that truth is stranger than fiction; here indeed is this saying justified, for the tales that have been, and that will be told of what has transpired in this strange land will surpass the imaginings of a Haggard or a Jules Verne.

Discovered by accident, prospected with fire, lo-

cated when the mercury was frozen solid in the thermometer and worked by men who had little else to eat but gold—in those few words the tale might be accurately told.

This store of treasure was discovered in August, 1896, by George W. McCormack, a native of Illinois, who, with his family, lived near the mouth of the Klondyke River. He has been living on the Yukon for a number of years and has an Indian wife and two half breed children.

He, with two Indians, was fishing at the mouth of the Klondyke, but as the salmon did not run up the Yukon in 1896 his fishing was unsuccessful, and in disgust he went up the stream prospecting. There were no indications on the Klondyke that its branches held gold in paying quantities, still, urged to do so by the Indians, he determined to investigate. They, it seems, knew of the existence of gold here, and guided him to the spot where it was found. In all probability, had the salmon been running up the Yukon in the summer of 1896 as usual, the Klondyke would still be an insignificant little stream up near the Arctic Circle that few had ever seen or even heard of. Striking camp, McCormack started out into the howling wilderness; with but little food, and that of the coarsest kind, he struggled on, and finally, after days of agonizing toil, reached the region that will give to the world perhaps a billion in gold. Arriving at the mouth of the Bonanza Creek he turned up and continued onward a distance of about twenty-five miles. Poling

a boat against a rapid current was no easy task, but by constant work, stopping occasionally to prospect some point or bar that looked inviting, he, with his two native companions, reached the goal of their ambition.

The surface prospect was encouraging; in fact, rich. The first pan washed out about two bits (twenty-five cents) worth of gold. A fire was built, and the earth thawed out for a depth of three feet. Here a test gave one dollar and seventy-five cents to the pan. Deeper they went and the value per pan increased with every inch until bed rock was reached, then he knew that he had struck a bonanza. The pay streak proved wide, deep and rich. In two weeks they had taken out fourteen thousand dollars.

Provisions ran short, and a messenger had to be dispatched to the great highway of that part of the world, the Yukon, for an additional supply. Thus the news of the great strike was heralded to the world. The Indian messenger joined, at this point, other prospectors who were at the river on the same mission. Once, each year, a river steamer passed this point on its way to Sixty Mile and Fort Selkirk where it went annually with supplies. It was the habit of prospectors to gather on the bank of the river at this time to purchase provisions from the captain and incidentally learn what they could from the outside world.

As I sat there in my tent I could imagine the news first told in the most picturesquely romantic

spot on earth. Weirdness, solemnity and vastness, the elements of grandeur entered into the scenery from all sides, relieved, as it were, by dainty shrubbery and plants and flowers even, that seemed to dance in the embrace of the gentle breezes of a Yukon summer, and lend to the scene a subdued beauty that cannot be reproduced by brush or pen.

The Yukon, at this point, grand, majestic, solemn, stretching as it does, far to the west, fills its canyon-like channel and goes rolling on toward the briny deep. A mile and a quarter wide of cold, muddy water hurrying past, seemingly bound for the north pole, or may be, anxious to lap the sides of an iceberg in the Behring Sea. Kissed by the sun at midnight, it seems to mock less fortunate waters that must travel in the dark; laughingly it gathers up little streams that plunge in on either side and, filled with satisfaction it flows on. The Klondyke, soon to electrify the world, coming down from the east with a roar that seems to defy the intrusion of man, and to frighten prospective invaders away from the treasure hidden in its branches above, lends a dashing, boisterous presence to the scene which contrasts well with the solemn, majestic flow of the Yukon. The mountains arising almost perpendicular from the running water, massive, bare and hoary with age, snow-capped perpetually, looming up toward the heavens in an attitude of pride, one solid mass of quartz and marble, ochre-colored and in places streaked with gray with an

occasional patch of green, reflecting the sun's rays hither and thither, and creating tints and shades that Raphael never dreamed of. Trees on every hand, not magnificent, but beautiful when contrasted with the surrounding grandeur; they have a hard time to live in this region of ice and snow, seemingly discouraged at the vastness on every hand, sighing with satisfaction at the warm embrace of the midnight sun, and whispering their secrets to the birds and flowers. Yes, flowers, blooming on the river bank beside cakes of ice, smiling and nodding to the trees and birds and even to the haughty mountains, gladdening the landscape and giving forth a sweet perfume that fills the air with fragrance.

In the midst of this wonderful and boundless beauty, set upon a ground work of green, resting on a background of blue, and framed in the golden rays of the setting sun, was told for the first time the tale of the fabulous wealth of the Klondyke.

The little birds twittered in the tree tops. Can it be that they were discussing the beauties of this panorama, or were they disturbed by intruders? It must be the latter, for human beings are about. A camp-fire is burning, and there, under the trees, are men with hair unkempt and shaggy beards, dressed in mackinaws and high top boots, and bronzed by exposure to the weather. It is time that they were wrapped in their blankets and asleep though the sun is not yet set; dogs are with them but unlike their masters, are asleep.



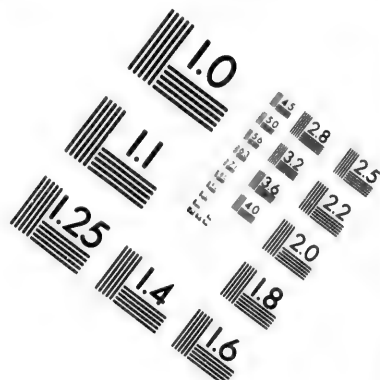
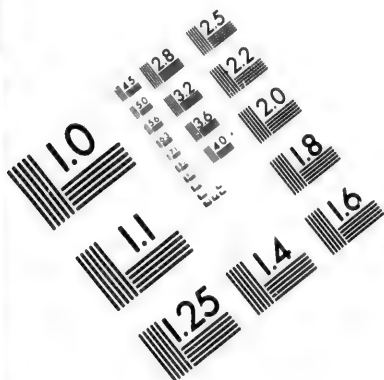
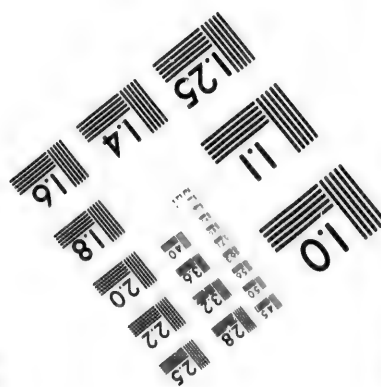
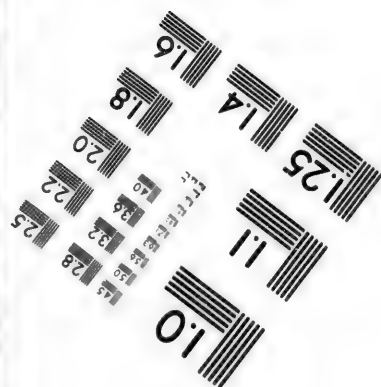
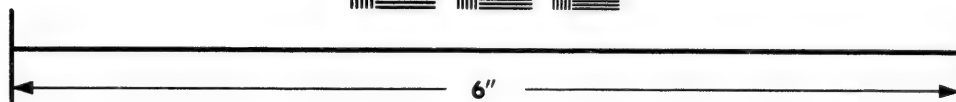
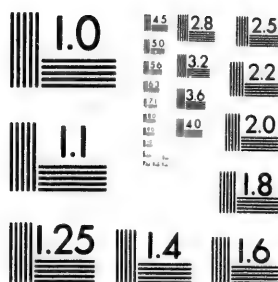


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80 NATURE'S TREASURE HOUSE REVEALED

Listen! the youngest is expatiating on the loveliness and goodness of a bonny blue-eyed lass waiting for him in the East, six thousand miles away. Telling how he promised to win wealth and fame and return to her. He little dreams that in a few short days he will be a millionaire. Look! the dogs are aroused and are standing with heads erect and ears pointed forward. Do they scent something? Listen—a noise, a canoe floating down the Klondyke with an Indian occupant. He is paddling for this bank, and, swinging the canoe gracefully in, is soon landed. He is greeted by the miners with a hearty "Come along, stranger!" and is soon seated beside the camp-fire, frying a piece of bacon which he eats with a hunk of sour dough bread, washing both down with water. Having finished, he gives a grunt of satisfaction, and after lighting his pipe with a coal from the fire, is ready for conversation. "Where from, stranger?" This by a middle-aged man whose appearance would seem to stamp him as the leader of the small party and who evidently is more at home in the wilderness than his companions. The Indian, in the deliberate, methodical manner peculiar to his race, points to the east. "How far?" The Indian again signified his answer by a wave of the hand, which however, is well understood by the old miner. "Who is with you?"

"George McCormack."

"What is he doing, prospecting?"

"Digging gold, digging gold!"

"Ah! has he found gold in that country?"

All Nature is hushed, appearing to stand still and listen. "What! Has man again delved into our archives and discovered another of our secrets?"

* The answer comes: "Yes."

And then, in the poetic language of the northern Indian, he relates the wonderful story of boundless wealth, the story that was ere long to set the civilized world agog and be the talk of a universe; causing thousands to leave comfortable homes and happy families to worship at the shrine of this golden god.

Seated by the camp-fire, wrapped in a blanket of many colors, this red man of the Yukon told a tale of riches galore. His little audience, uncouth, weather-beaten, hungry, listened, spellbound with wonder, eyes widened with astonishment, and, thrilled to the marrow, they drank in this strange revelation, while the mountains near by, basking in the midnight sun, seemed to blush (as a maiden, surprised with her first love letter), that their secret guarded so well for thousands of years, had at last been discovered. Thus was the news of the Klondyke Eldorado first revealed to the world.

CHAPTER IX.

The Birth of a New City—Joe Ladue Locates Dawson, September 1, 1896—Grows to 5,000 Inhabitants as if by Magic—What it Costs to Live There—One Thousand Precious Dogs—Wages Paid Unskilled Labor—A Boisterous but Orderly Crowd.

We were delayed longer than we had expected when we pitched our tents. Though we were anxious to get to work on our claims, we had to make the best of it and wait.

I cannot say that time hung heavily on our hands for here we were present at a scene, the like of which it had never been my lot to witness, and I doubt if those who were with me will ever again be so fortunate.

In the six weeks that we were waiting a city sprung up around this sawmill. Men came from all directions and in every conceivable way, except on bicycles. Many of them, like ourselves, had located claims and then gone down the river after supplies. Others were just returning from up the Stewart, Indian and other rivers where they had been mining and prospecting.

Others came over the trail from Juneau bound for Forty Mile and Circle City, but when they learned that both these mining towns were moving up the Yukon they halted just long enough to get

their bearings and then rushed for the hills to stake out claims.

Dawson City has become a city of about five thousand inhabitants. In fact within a radius of forty miles are located nearly the entire population of Alaska. If the thousands who started over the pass this fall, get through, this population will be nearly doubled.

All the "tin horn" gamblers, saloon keepers, and scarlet women of the whole territory have centered here, and every crooked device known has found its way over the ice and snow to attach itself to this town and fleece the dust from the miners.

Every place of vice is wide open, running day and night alike, and the Sabbath is kept only by a few stray almanacs and calendars, which have found their way into this isolated spot.

Town lots have been sold for as high as ten thousand dollars and the price is still increasing.

While we were in camp here the "Alice" arrived with a load of provisions and was loaded to her utmost capacity with miners from Forty Mile. Later the "Arctic" came in, bringing a portion of Circle City. She had been chartered at that place by forty-five miners who paid two thousand dollars to be landed with their goods at Dawson City. This was the last trip the "Arctic" was to make; she was anchored into a sluice to winter and was blown up the next summer in an attempt to extricate her from the ice.

Circle City, Forty Mile, and in fact the entire pop-

ulation of the Yukon River basin moved to Dawson City with a rush and left all the other towns depopulated.

The rear guard did not arrive until well into the winter, coming up the Yukon over the ice and snow. This trip of two hundred and seventy-five miles in the heart of winter was a hard one, but everyone got through, and not a life was lost on the trail, though many had their feet and other extremities frozen so badly that fingers and toes had to be amputated.

At Dawson City there are two stores. One belongs to the Alaska Commercial Company, the other to the North American Transportation and Trading Company. On these two establishments, every one who goes to Dawson without provisions must mainly rely. Even those who have a good outfit will find it often necessary to patronize one or the other of the stores. Prices are on an average three times as high as at Juneau or St. Michael's and four or five as steep as in the States. When the winter is nearly over and supplies begin to run short prices are, as a consequence, raised. Toward the close of last winter, before the new supplies came up the river, everything was hard to obtain at any price.

At times, through the winter, men arrived at Dawson City, bringing with them from one to two tons of food and clothing. They had come up the streams, carrying their goods on their backs, taking care to lose nothing for their time and trouble.

There was only one blacksmith shop. To this place miners must all go or send when they have tools to be repaired, or when they need anything made to order which the stores cannot supply.

Dawson City could boast of two practicing physicians, Police Surgeon Wills and another doctor who came from Circle City to Dawson last year. They carry their own supplies of staple drugs and medicines, so as to be able to compound their prescriptions. Ordinary remedies are to be obtained at the two trading stores.

There was but one lodging-house in Dawson last winter, though the name of lodging-house is a courtesy in this case. It was a low log house, and has been replaced by a better one.

Laborers in the mines and handcraftsmen fare about the same, though carpenters last winter obtained \$20 a day, whereas miners got \$15. There is great difficulty in finding men willing to work at their trades.

The cost of living for a single man without supplies varied from \$5 to \$7.50 or more a day. Single meals cost \$1.50 each.

There were two assayers in Dawson City, Messrs. Jaynes and Cornell.

I insert herein a list of necessities and the prices they called for at the time of my stay in Dawson City:

Overalls	\$1.50 to \$2.50.
Short coats	8.00.
Trousers	6.00.

Socks	\$ 1.00.
Leather shoes	5.00.
Gum boots	12.00.
Moccasins	1.50 to \$2.50.
Shirts	5.00.
Bacon	\$0.35 per pound.
Flour	\$12.00 for 100 pounds.
Beans	\$0.12 $\frac{1}{2}$ per pound.
Coffee	.50 " "
Tea	1.25 " "
Pans	\$2.50 apiece.
Picks	7.00 "
Shovels	2.50 "

These were the lowest figures of the winter 1896-97.

A part of Dawson's population which is always in evidence is fully 1,000 dogs. These welcome the arrival of every steamer with howls that would make a hundred calliopes seem tame. Every known breed of canine is represented, and there is a continuous fight going on from 1 o'clock in the morning until 1 o'clock the next morning. They are everywhere. Constantinople with its myriads of curs is not to be compared with Dawson in this respect.

They are sold by weight. The ruling price is \$1 a pound up to seventy-five pounds. On everything over seventy-five pounds the price is raised to \$1.50 per pound. These were the prevailing prices for live dogs for freighting purposes last winter.

There is no telling what dogs dead or alive will be worth this winter.

The nearest diggings to Dawson are eight miles distant, on Bear Creek. All the other diggings are within twenty miles of the town.

Dawson is an all-night town. The restaurants, saloons, gambling dens, the sawmill, and many stores are open night and day and everything goes with a rush.

Hundreds are making good money building cabins, clearing ground, getting out logs and moss (for chinking the cabins), hunting and fishing, etc. Moose meat was selling at 50 cents a pound in July, and the first King salmon caught this season sold for \$20.

Common laborers get \$10 to \$15 a day, and carpenters from \$18 to \$20 a day. These wages will undoubtedly rapidly decrease with the increase of population.

The miners, during the summer, pay 25 cents a pound for packing freight into the mines. For the same work in winter the price falls to 6 to 10 cents per pound.

Living is proportionately high. Board at restaurants will average \$5 a day, the lowest price being \$1.50 a day. Lodging could be had only by putting up your own tent. Two hotels are now being built.

On September 1, 1896, Joe Ladue, the founder of Dawson City was selling his best lots at from

\$5 to \$50 each and the prices were considered none too low. These same lots in July, 1897, were selling at \$1,000 each, with the prospect of going still higher. Some sold as high as \$10,000.

In July, 1897, Dawson City's population had grown to 5,000 and every day people were pouring in. Log cabins, 16x18, were renting from \$40 to \$75 per month, and none to be had at these prices.

On every hand, cabins and tents were being set up. It costs a small fortune to build cabins at Dawson City. One, of an average size, costs about \$1,000. Building lumber is scarce in the neighborhood of the town, logs being brought down the Yukon from ten to fifteen miles.

The question of shelter will be a hard problem for this winter, as enough cabins cannot possibly be built to accommodate the people already there. Living in tents with the thermometer ranging from 40 to 60 degrees below zero is almost an utter impossibility. There is no such thing as keeping warm in a tent when the weather is so frigid.

Furs and moccasins, an absolute necessity for winter wear, are now very scarce at Dawson.

The principal street is the front street, facing the river. The main portion of this is occupied by stores, saloons, warehouses, dance halls, etc. One block is given over entirely to saloons and dance halls.

In spite of these bad elements, the town is a very orderly one. Brawls are very infrequent and no

serious crimes have yet been committed. The Canadian mounted police still represent the law dispensing powers of the town.

CHAPTER X.

On the Frozen Klondyke—Pitching Our Tent on the El Dorado Creek—Building a House—Putting Ourselves on Rations—Our First Beefsteak for Months—Starting Our First Shaft Down to Bed-Rock—Reaching Pay Dirt!—Fifty Dollars to the Pan—Working With a Will Through the Dark Winter Days.

Finally the Klondyke froze over and we struck camp and loading our sleds started up the river. The surface of the ice in these rivers is very rough, as when the freeze begins there is strong objection made by the current to being frozen in. The ice breaks loose and drifts down until it lodges against a bank, bar, or other ice, when the freeze continues. It freezes out from the banks and obstructions and finally spans the whole river. This ice is dislodged and is then called "slush ice," and in breaking up at the jams forms a very rough surface.

We managed, however, to wend our way up the Klondyke, then along Bonanza Creek until we reached Eldorado Creek.

At this time, gold had not been found in any quantity on the Eldorado. Here we pitched our tent and commenced work on a house for winter quarters. The season was late and we must hurry, it as much as possible. We got logs and placed them, one upon another, putting a thick layer of

moss between, and covered the roof with moss and dirt to the depth of a foot.

Fortunately, we had been able to procure a sash and a pair of hinges at Dawson City, so we had a window and a swinging door as luxuries. We called this cabin "Moss House" and it was here that we remained during the long, cold, dark winter. Of course we made some furniture, which was more useful than elegant.

We had now secured a roof over our heads (so to speak), and as our larder was reasonably well stocked we felt relieved and quite comfortable. We had traded some of our jerked moose with the mounted police for flour and bacon, and had bought a side of beef from a man called Bond, who had driven a band of beef cattle over the pass from Juneau. We felt that by using economy we could get through the winter without starving, though we knew that we would be obliged to put ourselves on rations before spring.

Bond had driven the cattle over the Dalton pass, which starts in at Dyea and strikes the Yukon at Sixty Mile. They were the first cattle ever brought into that section of the Yukon valley and supplied the first fresh beef that the miners at the Yukon had ever been able to procure. Bond had intended to drive them to Forty Mile and Circle City, but when he reached the river at Sixty Mile the season was so far advanced that feed was getting scarce and the cattle, though in good condition, were getting poorer each day. In order to avoid a total loss, he

slaughtered them here and loading their carcasses on rafts floated down to Dawson City. He sold them there for fifty cents per pound straight through. Most of the miners had neither dust nor money, having expended their summer earnings in outfitting for the winter. Bond trusted them, and, the next spring when he started out, collected every cent of it without a bit of trouble.

The cattle, in addition to bringing themselves as beef, brought a stock of other provisions. Each animal brought a pack which Bond had no difficulty in disposing of at very satisfactory figures. Another band of cattle left Seattle about the middle of August this year, the owners intending to follow the example set by the "pioneer butcher of the Yukon."

We had now gotten comfortably settled for the winter; but, as yet, we did not know if our claims would prove of value.

We had settled well up into the mountains and could at least put in our time prospecting the country immediately surrounding, if our claims should prove barren.

The boys were eager to get to work prospecting our claims, so we cleaned the snow from the space and commenced work. It was no easy task, but spurred on by the hope of striking something rich, we did not mind the arduous labor.

We started a shaft eight feet square, so as to have room to work in case we had to go deeper than we expected. The ground was now frozen solid and we had to burn our way. We would build a fire

which would extract the frost from a few inches when we would shovel that out and start another fire.

Day after day, as we drew nearer to bed rock, we did a little panning to test the dirt and as I would shake the pan the boys would stand about watching eagerly for colors. At last we found some, but our anxiety was not relieved as even that did not indicate that pay dirt was beneath.

As we went deeper, however, the colors increased and at last I was enabled to announce that we had struck pay dirt. We weighed the dust from one pan and found 25 cents worth of gold in it. How the boys did work now in their eagerness to reach bed rock! The dirt kept getting richer and richer as we worked our way down. Some pans would contain even as high as ten dollars worth of the precious metal. Before we reached bed-rock we had taken out as much as fifty dollars to the pan.

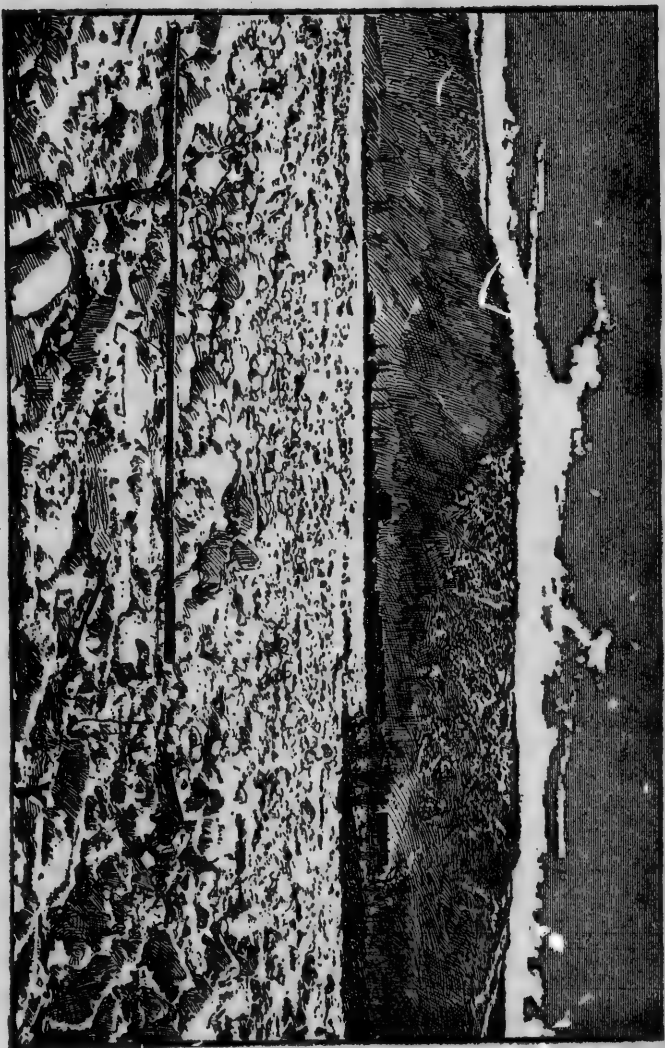
We felt now that we were in comfortable circumstances and our diggings on the Stewart River no longer held an inducement, and, as far as we were concerned, were deserted forever. Finally one of the boys found a good sized nugget and went wild with excitement. Ah! what a magician is gold! A small nugget will almost turn a man's head, when picked up in the wilderness. Stand on a street corner and draw out of your pocket a lump of virgin gold and immediately you will be surrounded by a crowd, each one eager to hold it in his hand for an instant, and looking it over as critically

as though it were some valuable article which he were about to purchase.

I could hardly realize my great, good luck! Here, only from sixteen to twenty feet beneath the surface of the earth, was a fortune for each of us. Nor would we be obliged to part with most of it in order to get "capital" to develop it. The brawn and sinew of our own persons were sufficient capital, and all we had to do was to apply them in order to reap a fortune.

For thirty years I had wandered over the placer fields of the United States and Canada. Twice before had I struck it rich; but each time, I had lost again my little whole by buying property that did not "pan out." I cannot describe how we felt when at last we realized that we were the possessors of a wealth how great we could not tell.

It would hardly entertain the reader to follow us through the long winter. It was, however, far from monotonous to us, being in many cases novel. Placer mining is never monotonous, as there is always an expectancy of larger nuggets and bigger pans. Our greatest difficulty and one that gave us a great deal of anxiety was the provision question. While we were never in actual want, we had a number of narrow escapes. The jerked moose, that we had prepared while up the Stewart River, came in very handy, as we were enabled to trade a portion of it to the mounted police for flour and bacon. Once, during the winter, we paid one hundred and ten dollars per hundred, for flour. It was hauled



A JAM OF ICE FLOES ON THE YUKON.



on dog sleds from Fort Yukon, over six hundred miles down the river.

We had no time for amusement. Our routine was to work a great deal, sleep a little and eat when we had the stuff. Of course we would visit around somewhat in order to see how our neighbors were getting along, but, as a rule, nearly every one stuck pretty close to his work. In the spring, before the snow melted, we got out logs enough to build cabins on all our claims and also enough to whipsaw for sluice boxes.

CHAPTER XI.

Watching the Neighbors' Claims—El Dorado Creek, the Richest Placer Mine in the World—Charles Myers' Banner Pan of \$800—Great Difficulty to Get Help, Even at \$15 Per Day—Our 4,000 feet of Placer Ground Worth \$16,875,000—Hundreds of Fine Claims Will Show up Next Season.

Last winter while I was at the mines I kept a constant look-out over the different claims that were being worked. Of course development work was slow, as the season was so late when the Eldorado Creek, in particular, was staked, that the winter caught many before they could get their cabins up and provisions in for a winter's supply.

On account of this drawback, many who had staked claims worked for others who had been more fortunate, and the season was far spent before they could commence development work on their own claims. From my observations, however, I drew the conclusion that the Eldorado Creek was richer even than the Bonanza. In fact, so far as I have ever heard or read, the Eldorado Creek is by far the richest placer mining district that has ever been discovered. Its wealth is fabulous and had I not seen the gold taken from the ground in such quantities, I would have been loath to believe it, and would have looked upon these great stories of riches as being only the fruits of some imaginative brain.

Clarence Berry, who has a half interest in Num-

ber Six below Discovery on Eldorado Creek has the best developed claim in the gulch. He employed twelve men during the winter in taking out the pay dirt.

From a record which I kept of the panning results of each claim, I deducted the following conclusions. On Eldorado Creek, No. 3, paid three-fifty to the pan; No. 4, paid four-fifty; No. 5, nine-fifty; No. 6, as high as one hundred and fifty dollars to the pan, though the average was much less; No. 7, about eight dollars and so on. No. 16, washed as high as two hundred and twenty dollars to the pan, and from there to our claims, Nos. 25 and 26, very little panning was done.

A great deal of good-natured rivalry existed between the miners of Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks. The first rich strike was made by Louis Rhodes, who had No. 21 above Discovery on Bonanza. He got sixty-five dollars and thirty cents from one pan. Clarence Berry's No. 6, below Discovery, on Eldorado, was the first Eldorado mine to beat this record. He took out one hundred dollars from one pan, and from that time Eldorado held the record. On March 20, Berry took out one pan with three hundred dollars in it. Jimmy McLane took out over two hundred. Frank Piscator took out one hundred and thirty-six dollars to the pan. The four Nanaimo boys got as high as one hundred and twenty-five dollars to the pan. In fact big pans were so common on Eldorado that the Bonanza boys

gave up the contest and conceded the honors to Eldorado.

The banner pan was taken out April 14, from No. 30, Eldorado, and contained eight hundred dollars. It was panned by Charles Myers and though I heard of other pans that reached one thousand, I do not know that the reports were verified, although one need not be surprised at anything in that wonderful country.

In the winter, the lower portion of Bonanza Creek averaged all the way from twelve to thirty dollars to the pan. From Discovery to No. 12 above, the value was from five to forty dollars. From 12 up the value ranged from fifty cents to ten dollars per pan.

From the work that has been done, it is evident that production there is proportionate to development. The yield in gold is only limited by the amount of work done on a claim. When the entire district is open and the mines all working at once with all the help that is required, the production will be fabulously large, so large in fact that I hesitate to give any estimate on the yearly out-put. The district is large and should some ingenious American invent a machine or method that would prove an effective aid in mining, the production would reach a point even beyond my imagination.

I have no doubt but that the creeks in this district will all yield immense quantities of gold, though where a pocket is found, the yield will be almost beyond belief. Only a few of the claims were

worked last winter to any great extent, and naturally the stories that have reached the outside world cluster around these producers. Of the sales made, only those involving large sums are spoken of; thus properties that would attract a large amount of attention in any other part of the world are entirely lost sight of here. The reason why they have yielded but five thousand, ten thousand, and fifteen thousand dollars, is because they have not been worked any length of time. When the season opens this winter it will be found that they will hold their own with those that have been so extensively talked and written about.

I believe that these gulches are rich from source to mouth, though no doubt, they will vary somewhat, as it is hardly probable that when the deposit was made by nature, she distributed the wealth with an even hand. The wages paid in this section last winter were fully equal to the production of ordinary placer claims in any other part of the world. The standard wages were fifteen dollars a day, and a great deal of the help thus employed had had but little experience in work of the nature required in this region. To pay a man who had never swung an ax, wielded a pick, used a gold pan, or handled a shovel a dollar and a half an hour was at least equal to paying an experienced miner double that amount. Therefore the expense of mining in that country last winter was at least three times the total production of placer mines anywhere else on earth.

There is no doubt but that every man who reaches the Klondyke district this fall will be able to obtain work at a very high rate of pay. The standard of wages will at least be maintained, as there are very few people who desire to remain there for any length of time, and they all want to develop their claims as rapidly as possible, so that they can return to civilization and enjoy the fruits of their labor, won through hardships, privations and severe toil.

We had great difficulty in procuring help at all. We offered at different times as high as four dollars an hour for the services of experienced men, but, as a rule, old miners would not work at any figure. We could occasionally get an inexperienced man to work a few days at fifteen dollars per day. We gave a "lay" to eight men who worked for six weeks, and when we settled it came out that they had earned in that length of time forty-two thousand four hundred dollars, or five thousand and three hundred dollars each. A great deal of labor thus far has been expended on what is called "dead work." By "dead work" is meant work for which there is no immediate return, such as sinking shafts to bed rock at a distance of about twenty feet through the frozen ground, building cabins, sluice-boxes, furniture, etc.; and in building dams across the stream in order to raise the water into the sluice-boxes. As most of the lumber used was cut by the whip-saw, it can be seen that this "dead work" occupied a great deal of time. The greatest part of this work, however, in this district, has been done

and the coming winter will be entirely spent in taking out the pay-dirt, getting it ready to sluice in the spring; so the out-put next year will be very large.

In my opinion, Bear Gulch is almost another Eldorado. There are two superposed bed-rocks in Bear Gulch, which are three feet apart. The gold in the upper bed-rock is bright and resembles that found in Eldorado, while on the lower bed-rock it is very black. Last Chance Creek is also very rich. We prospected it for three miles, intending to locate a discovery claim, but we could not tell the best place to locate. Finally, we staked Nos. 20 and 21 above.

Much is expected of Hunker Gulch, and I think it will prove another great district. The prospects made on Dominion Creek are also very favorable, and Indian Creek will yield a large amount of gold. Our pans will average three dollars throughout all the Eldorado claims and I think we will find our claims on Bear Gulch and Last Chance equally as rich. I took from five pans seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold and did not pick the pans either, but simply scooped them off the bed-rock.

We have four thousand feet in the Klondyke and Hunker districts. We have never cross-cut the pay-streak on any of our claims. In Eldorado, we hold Nos. 25 and 26, 53 and 54, and a half interest in Nos. 24 and 32, all being above Discovery. We also own No. 10 below Discovery on Bear Gulch

and Nos. 20 and 21 above Discovery on Last Chance. We have prospected all these claims and believe them to be just as rich as Nos. 25 and 26, Eldorado, from which we took fifteen hundred dollars to the lineal foot, eight feet wide. The width of the pay streak on our claims will average a little more than three hundred feet, and if they all maintain the richness shown by the work we did, and the prospects made, they will pay out sixteen millions, eight hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

A great deal of this gold when taken out will remain in circulation in the district, and but little will be sent out. When it does make its appearance in the States it will probably be accompanied by its owners. A medium of exchange is necessary on the Klondyke; so far, as nearly all transactions are cash transactions, it has been found much cheaper to weigh out the dust than to ship the gold to the mint and have the coin returned. Then, besides, nearly everyone who goes in, will need a little money after he arrives which he may procure by buying exchange from the trading companies in Seattle or San Francisco, and when he reaches Dawson City he will receive the amount of the bills of exchange in gold-dust. Thus a great deal of the dust taken from the ground will remain in the Yukon country, as the circulating medium, while the coin and currency of the United States will remain in the States; though credits will be transferred by bills

TRANSFER OF GOLD DUST AND NUGGETS¹⁰³

of exchange, the cost of which will vary according to the balance of trade. Of course dust and money will sometimes be transported to even up the balances.

CHAPTER XII.

Inventive Genius Never Had a Better Field—To Extract the Frost From the Ground—Many Grotesque Devices—How They Prospect on the Yukon—Winter and Summer Diggings—A Nugget of \$320—Thawing the Pay-Streak—Sluicing the Gold.

It has been said that necessity is the mother of invention. Truly the field is wide enough here to give full scope to the ingenuity for which the Americans are famed throughout the length and breadth of the world. To increase the comforts of life in this frozen land, affords, in itself, a subject that will not be disregarded by inventive minds; to invent a building material that would be proof against the penetrating cold would be to confer a blessing upon the residents of this isolated spot. This might seem at first glance to be impossible, and for aught we know, may never be realized, but the field of investigation is certainly as great and the prospect of remuneration as good, in fact the inducement is greater to invent a material of this kind, than to perfect cloth that bullets will not pierce.

Again, there is an unlimited field for some mechanical genius to bring forth a machine or appliance that will extract the frost from the earth with less cost and labor than is necessary at the present time. The man who succeeds in doing this will own a mine of wealth, greater than the entire Eldorado

Creek; as the field for the use of such a contrivance is limited only by the North Pole. A number of devices have been invented, within the last two months, for the purpose of doing this. Two in particular have attracted attention, though the general verdict of Yukoners is that they are not practical and will be worse than useless. One of these is an ordinary upright boiler with a steam jet that is inserted in the ground and the escaping steam is supposed to melt the frost from the earth. A hole is first drilled and the jet inserted, the steam is then turned on and is supposed to thaw the earth for a number of feet around, providing, however, that the frost in the earth does not freeze the steam. Another is by means of a hot air jet. The air is heated and then blown against the frozen ground which it is supposed to thaw. It is generally thought that this machine will prove quite a money-maker, if an exception is made of it by the climate, and it is not frozen up while in operation.

None of these devices have been tested, and the chances are that they are not suited to the work it is proposed they should perform. However, if one of them should prove a success it will cheapen mining to such an extent that most of the mines that have been abandoned can be taken up again and worked at a profit.

Several companies have been incorporated who propose to operate dredgers in the Yukon and its tributaries. It is intended to build them on the Yukon as it is impossible to tow them north. They

will be constructed with considerable freighting capacity, so that an abundance of provisions may be taken along wherever they go. Quarters for the crew will also be erected aboard, and the whole will form a massive workshop and home. They will be put to work there in the streams, dredging the gravel from the banks, bars and bottoms, and having sluiced the gold from it, will drop the tailings back into the water.

The rigorous climate will be a great difficulty to overcome as it will be impossible to work more than three or four months in the year; for the rivers are frozen over, in many cases solid, during eight or nine months out of the twelve. All this time the crew will probably be idle, and of course must necessarily be under pay. If the dirt is rich, however, even these expenses may be met and a rich harvest left for the investors. Practical men seem to think that this plan will be a success.

Another invention, that would bring its author a fortune, is a contrivance that could be used in prospecting. This would have to be very light, so light in fact that a prospector could take it with him wherever he went. Prospecting is very difficult in this country, since to discover the nature of the ground, one must sink a hole to bed-rock, and the operation usually takes from two to six weeks according to the depth of the gravel. As there is but little surface indications to show the nature of the gravel beneath, it must all be removed and tested every little way by panning. Frequently

THE DIFFICULTIES OF PROSPECTING 107

it occurs that the deposits of gold-bearing gravel are entirely covered with water during the summer season, so that it is impossible to prospect it, even though the ground is not frozen. In fact prospecting along the rivers must be done when the ground is frozen, as, before bed-rock is reached, the water, in the summer time, will soak in from the sides, and the gold, if there be any in the gravel, will be washed to the bottom, and keep beyond reach, when the gravel is disturbed, until stopped by bed-rock.

In prospecting this country, the only practical method is to select the ground you desire to prospect during the summer months, then, in winter, to follow up your summer's work by sinking shafts. This is done by building fires on the ground and melting the frost from it. The Bonanza Creek placers were struck in the summer time, but the prospect hole was sunk so far away from the water that it was only by chance that the pay-streak was found. The pay-streak at times is found a great distance from the bed of the stream, and to make a thorough, systematic prospect of a section entails much arduous labor. Another great draw-back is the fact that the trading posts are so few that the prospector does not dare to get far into the interior. He is obliged to remain near the larger rivers, where, when winter approaches, he can drift down to some trading post where he can procure supplies. For this reason most of the diggings that have been worked thus far are summer diggings. By summer diggings, we mean diggings where the surface

gravel is removed and pay-streak then washed out by pans, rockers, or sluices.

But few winter diggings have yet been discovered, but where they have been found they proved richer than the summer diggings. A machine of the character above mentioned would be a blessing to the prospectors and would aid them greatly in bringing to light the hidden wealth of the frozen north.

The first gold in what has since become known as the Klondyke gold fields was discovered, as stated above, by George W. McCormack, August 15, 1896. It is what is known in miner's parlance as coarse gold. That is, it is in nuggets and is therefore easily separated from the dirt. These nuggets range in size from a pin point to those weighing several ounces. The largest of those nuggets that had been reported found when I left the district, June 19, 1897, was worth, at seventeen dollars per ounce, three hundred and twenty dollars. It was found by a Frenchman known as Antoine.

The gold is found in what is called pay streak, or in a streak of gravel about three feet thick, lying immediately above bed-rock, which is located about twenty feet beneath the surface of the earth. This gold is obtained by thawing the frost from the ground. A fire is built on top, and when the earth has been thawed for a few inches, it is taken out and another built. This is continued until bed-rock is reached which usually takes eight days. Then drifting is commenced by means of fires built around the bottom of the hole thus made. When the fires

have burned out, the dirt is taken to the surface and deposited on a "dump," from where it is taken into the cabin and panned out or is left until the sun in summer thaws it out again, when it is sluiced. Each night a fire is set, and the following day is occupied by removing the dirt that has become loosened and in preparing wood for another fire. The pay streak only is thawed out and removed to the surface. When the drifts have been run so far back from the shafts that the air is dead and there is not sufficient draught to keep the fires going, another shaft must be sunk and so, day after day the process continues. Wood, happily, is quite plentiful here, though the timber is not very large. A tree that will cut a board twelve inches wide is considered a large one.

In the winter all the tributaries of the Klondyke are frozen solid, but in summer they thaw out and then water may be had for sluicing. Water may be taken from the upper side of the claim but must be turned in again before it reaches the lower side, so that those who are working below may have the use of it. It is usually raised to the bank of the stream by building a dam and is then led by sluice boxes wherever desired. These boxes are made by fitting boards together. One end is generally two inches wider and one inch higher than the other so that the small end of one will fit into the large end of the other. They are made of lumber one inch in thickness and twelve inches in width, and are arranged on a grade ranging from eight inches

to the box, to ten inches to the box, according to the size of the gold. If the gold is either very fine or very coarse, the grade must be steeper than where the size is ordinary. In these sluices are arranged riffles which are for the purpose of arresting the precious metal while the dirt and gravel is carried on to the end of the sluice by the water and is then called "tailings." These riffles are made by fastening three cross pieces together by rods of wood, which are passed through these cross pieces about an inch apart and are made to prevent large stones from dropping through with the gold, the latter being so heavy that it will sink to the bottom even in the swiftest current. Water is turned into the sluice box and the pay dirt shoveled in; the dirt mixes with the water and is carried on while the gold settles into these riffles. Every few days the sluices are cleaned up; that is, the gold is taken from the riffles and panned out, as some dirt will lodge with it. The sluices at some of the claims of the Klondyke district have to be cleaned two and even three times a day, as there is so much gold in the dirt that the riffles fill very rapidly.

Last winter, owing to the necessities of the miners and the desire of the mine owners to pay cash for all work done, a great deal of gold was panned out. We would take a bucket of pay-dirt into the cabin every night, and after thawing enough ice to give us the amount of water needed, we would spend the evenings in panning. This was also the only

means of testing the nature of the gravel, so that we should know that the dirt we were bringing out and depositing on the dump was really pay-dirt; for we could not afford, when sluicing it the next summer, to find out that it did not contain gold.

These river-claim diggings in the Klondyke district are essentially winter diggings, as the pay-streak is from sixteen to twenty-five feet beneath the surface of the earth, and therefore, it is much easier to mine it from beneath, than it would be to remove the barren gravel.

A fire properly built against the face of the drift will penetrate from eight to twelve inches. The wood is cut about four feet long and under each tier two sticks are placed, the ends butting up against the face of the drift, and thus answer the purpose of andirons such as are used in an old-fashioned fireplace. The wood is placed on these sticks lengthwise of the face of the drift. Then green wood, called "lagging," is set on end to cover the fuel underneath; the fire is started, the heat and flame coming out between the upper ends of this lagging, and the face of the drift thaws the earth above this pay-streak for a distance of about a foot, when it falls down over the lagging burying it entirely, and gives the fire the nature of a pit fire. When the fire is burned out, this barren gravel is shoveled back and the pay-dirt lifted to the top in buckets.

In summer diggings, the method is entirely differ-

ent, as no fire is used, but the pay-dirt is sluiced, rocked or panned after being loosened by the rays of the sun. In ground sluicing, a dam is built in the stream and the water raised to the bar, which is led on to the ground by small ditches dug about ten feet apart. The heat of the sun warms this water and the action of the warm water and sun combined dissolves the black muck, which is nearly all frost, and will even work its way down seven or eight feet, the muck disappearing all the time, though it does not run off. When this muck has become dissolved, the barren gravel on the top of the pay-dirt is taken off. Then a drain is sunk to bed-rock, it being sometimes necessary to commence a long distance down the stream, in order to get fall enough to drain the water from the bed-rock of the section which is being ground-sluiced. It is necessary to have the bottom well drained, or the gold will settle through the pay-streak and lodge into the crevices of the bed-rock where it could not be reached by a shovel. When this is done, a sluice is put in, and the pay-dirt shoveled into this sluice where the gold is washed out, lodging in the riffles to be gathered up at the convenience of the miner. Sometimes these sluices are erected very high and frequently it is necessary to build a platform underneath to shovel the dirt upon, and then shovel it up into the sluice. Where the bank or bar is so high that water cannot be led on, the barren ground is wheeled off, the pay-dirt carried to the stream and

the gold taken out by means of a pan or rocker. This is a slow process, however, and unless the gravel is very rich, it will not pay, at least while wages remain at fifteen dollars per day.

CHAPTER XIII.

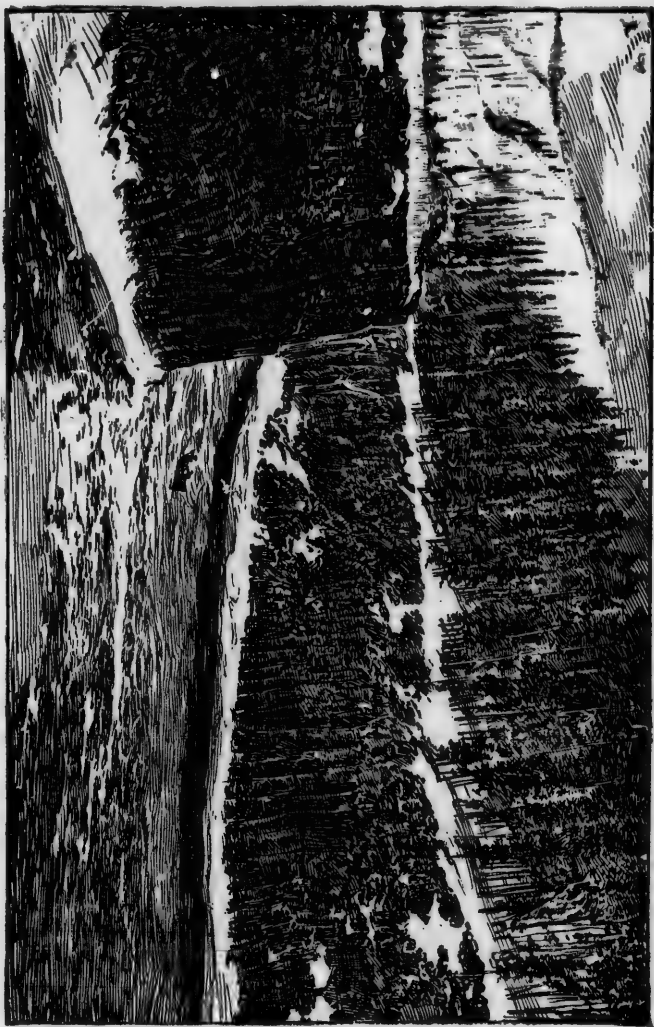
Definitions of the Canadian Mining Laws—"Bar Diggings;" "Dry Diggings;" "Creek and River Claims;" "Beach Claims"—The "Representative Season"—How to Live There—Dreary Winters—Hungry Summer Pests—The Dog Again: the Most Precious Friend of the Klondyker—Salmon Their Food.

The region is covered with moss which is from six inches to two feet in thickness. In the summer, the frost thaws from the moss and becomes very soft and spongy, making travel over it almost impossible.

Placer claims under the Canadian laws are divided into four classes: Bar Diggings, Dry Diggings, Creek and River Claims and Beach Claims.

A Creek and River Claim is five hundred feet lengthwise along the stream and extends from river-rock to river-rock, that is, across the entire deposit of gravel. Where the deposit is not one hundred feet in width the claim extends up the bank thirty feet above water level or as much thereof as is necessary to make it one hundred feet wide.

If, when a survey is made, it is found that any of the claims so staked is more than five hundred feet in length, the fraction over such length may be staked by the first man that gets there. If it is found that a claim is short, however, the miner cannot claim the balance, as the moving of a stake



WHITE HORSE CANYON AND RAPIDS.

by the locator or his agent after a claim has been recorded, would result in its forfeiture.

By Bar Diggings, the Canadian mining law means such part of a river as is dry in low water but flooded when the water is high, and such a claim is to be one hundred feet wide at high water mark, and extend along into the river to the edge of the water at its lowest level.

Dry Diggings are one hundred feet square and are located on such land over which the water does not flow even at its highest.

Beach Claims also are one hundred feet square and are located on beaches. In staking a claim, a prospector must drive stakes at each corner. These stakes must be at least four feet high and squared on four sides, the surface being not less than four inches wide.

On one of these stakes must be written the name of the claimant and the date on which the claim was staked, also the words, "I demand one hundred feet square for mining purposes." After staking a claim, but three days are allowed in which to record it. If the office of the commissioner is more than ten miles off, however, an extra day is allowed for each ten miles or fraction thereof.

The applicant for a grant must take oath that he has prospected the ground and has found mineral, other than coal upon it, and that he has staked it in person, giving a sketch of it and a description of the location. But one claim in a district can be held by the same miner, unless acquired by right of pur-

chase or gift. He may hold claims in other districts. However, if the stakes are pulled out and a relinquishment filed, it gives him a right to make another location in the same district.

The fee charged for recording is \$15, which entitles the applicant to the privilege of mining for the period of one year. At the end of the year he must pay to the commissioner one hundred dollars more and that secures him this right for another year. Each year thereafter this one hundred dollars must be promptly paid and in addition the miner must work the claim during the "representative season." During that period of the year, he is not allowed away from it for a greater period than "seventy-two hours," without the consent of the Commissioner, unless such an absence becomes necessary through sickness, or the miner goes away to replenish his stock of provisions.

The "representative season" is determined by the Commissioner who usually consults the miners before fixing it. It may be any portion of the year or any length of time, usually thirty, sixty or ninety days. If a miner is not represented during this time either in person or by proxy, his claim to his location is considered abandoned.

A claim may be transferred, assigned or mortgaged, and such transfer, assignment, or mortgage will hold good, provided it is recorded with the Commissioner.

The surface rights are not obtained from the Crown, with the mining grant, and if the regulations

are not complied with, all rights revert to Her Majesty.

Rockers are sometimes used, particularly where it is hard to get water. This, however, is a slow process and dirt must be quite rich in order to be worked at a profit in this wise.

The Yukon placers are perhaps the most expensive in the world to work, particularly is this true of the Klondyke district. Everything used must be transported a distance of nearly two thousand miles from Seattle, the nearest outfitting point, over a rough trail, and down a river filled with rocks and rapids, where a large percentage of the goods are lost in transit; or transferred by steamer over five thousand miles through dangerous waters. Nothing can be had by the way and the climate is so rigorous that even the comforts of life cannot be secured, and luxuries are unheard of. The bare necessities alone can be obtained and these even are sometimes scarce and of poor quality, being frequently damaged enroute, or spoiled, not badly enough however to be utterly useless, for nothing is ever thrown away here. It must be bad indeed if there is no market for it in this region of ice, snow and mosquitoes, and even were it worthless for man's use, the dogs consider every morsel they can digest palatable enough and look upon it as a luxury. They must be fed too as they are the miner's best friends.

The Bonanza Creek mines are situated about thirty miles from Dawson City and everything must

be packed or hauled in over this distance. It is comparatively easy when the snow is frozen, as a single dog can then haul two hundred pounds. In the summer time, however, when the frost is out of the moss, it is very spongy and supplies can be gotten only by packing. This is difficult and expensive as at every step a man takes, he sinks almost to his knees in this fluffy vegetation. It costs from one to two cents per pound per mile to have supplies transported over this trail.

In this frozen country the appetite is good and food of the most common kind is eaten with a relish. Every one is hard at work, and as there are no soft jobs about these camps, there is very little use for appetizers and tonics.

The first thing to be looked after when reaching this strange land is to build a cabin, sometimes called a house. The usual method is to build it out of logs and moss. The trees are fallen and cut into the desired length and should be hewn flat, or faced on two sides, so that in placing them one upon another the surface of the logs will match. Between these is placed a layer of several inches of moss. The weight of the logs resting upon this makes it so compact that it is even less porous than the timber itself. In this way the cracks are chinked up, and the cabin forms a desirable protection against the weather.

The winters here are very dark and cold. Eighteen hours of darkness and six hours of faint twilight is the rule. In summer, however, this is

reversed and eighteen hours of sunshine takes the place of the darkness. This is also true of the temperature. In winter, forty degrees below zero is the usual temperature, but frequently the thermometer will freeze solid after registering seventy degrees below. In the summer ninety degrees above is common, the difference between the extremes being 160 degrees. In summer, the atmosphere is literally thickened with gnats and mosquitoes. These little pests are unusually hungry and if care be not taken one is liable to be well nigh devoured by them. Plenty of mosquito netting and heavy mesh veiling should be found in every outfit.

In this region, frost penetrates the earth to a great depth; in fact no one has ever succeeded in finding the bottom. In Siberia a hole was dug seven hundred and fifty feet deep, as an experiment but there were no signs of reaching the bottom of the frost, even at that depth.

The snow is of a different character from that which falls in the States. It is more like frost and is very fine. It settles to the ground very slowly, being so light, and does not pack. Though the average is but two feet six inches in depth it is impossible to wade through it. Snow shoes are used at the fall of the year and circulation is by this means rendered less difficult. The snow shoes are made by passing broad thongs through a hooplike piece of wood and thus forming a broad surface. These are attached to the moccasins as shoes would be, and have the effect of distributing the weight

of the person over so extensive a surface that the wearer sinks but little in the soft, fluffy snow.

When the snow freezes and forms a crust, traveling overland becomes easy. A native dog can haul a sledge with two hundred pounds on it across almost any portion of the country. The prospector's dog is his best friend and will stick to him even though rations are served but semi-weekly. The native dogs are the best, as they have a woolly coat that protects them from the weather. They can lie out of doors without suffering from the cold, even when the thermometer is sixty below zero. Throw to one of these a fish each day and he is ready for work. When salmon is scarce, a good meal twice a week will keep the dog alive. These dogs are perhaps the most useful animal a miner can have, so little will keep them and so ready for service are they always, seldom sick or moping. At times, however, they are stubborn and have to be punished, but, as a rule, they are ready to do the bidding of their masters. Unlike our canines, they soon learn to know their owner, for here in this region of scarcity, a dog is never fed by another. To feed him a few times is equal to having him taught the bill of sale and, like the poor, he is always with you.

Frequently a prospector is caught out in a storm with no abode except a tent which is but little protection against the wind and frost. In a great many instances they might have perished from the cold had it not been for these faithful animals. The gold

hunters will wrap themselves in blankets and furs and, for additional warmth, draw their dogs around them and thus huddled together will weather out the blizzard and come out but little the worse for the intense cold.

In traveling over the ice and cold the dog's feet are frequently lacerated and at times become so bad that the poor animal will whine with pain and refuse to stand. In such cases moccasins are bound on, and the dog with his feet thus protected will lick your hand with gratitude and will thereafter be a docile brute. These moccasins are made from fur and are an ample protection against the sharp particles of ice and snow.

These dogs, however, are of a thievish disposition, and will steal anything they can. They will even open boxes and have been known to gnaw a hole through a canvas sack in order to get at something palatable. They do not mince over their viands and are not dainty in their tastes, but will steal anything that is "illen." This is caused perhaps by the fact that they seldom get enough to eat; but, even if they did, this shortcoming seems to be a part of their natures, having been bred into them since the time "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

The usual market price for one of these noble animals is six ounces of dust, though at times they bring as much as fifteen ounces or about two hundred and fifty dollars.

Their thick woolly coats furnish vermin with a

warm residence which they are loathe to leave during the winter months, but when summer comes they scamper out and make life interesting for the human family as well.

During the stampede to the Klondyke dogs were in great demand; even now it is hard to find one for sale in that district. They are usually fed on fish, but during the winter of 1896, fish was so scarce along the Yukon that the miners were obliged to share their supplies with the dogs, and that came near bringing on a famine.

Usually the Big River and its tributaries teem with fish, but, for some unknown reason, the salmon did not run up these rivers last year and the miners and the natives were denied this valuable source of supply. Animals and men had to depend entirely upon provisions brought up the river by the boats of the Alaska Commercial Company and the North Pacific Transportation and Trading Company.

Salmon and a species of white fish are the principal varieties found in those waters, though there are others. Fish is a most important part of the food supply of this region and therefore were badly missed by man and beast. Salmon are very large and frequently weigh as much as a man. They are caught in nets, traps and with spears. Sometimes a rifle can be used to great advantage by shooting them in the head when they jump from the water. As they will float when killed no trouble is experienced in securing them. The Klondyke River is usually a favorite stream with them, but, like the

Yukon and its other tributaries, they did not visit it last year.

Many canneries have been established in Alaska, particularly on the rivers flowing into Behring Sea. One river there is called the "River of Life," because in the salmon season it is actually alive with them.

CHAPTER XIV.

**Geological Formation of the Gold Bearing District—
Where Is the Mother-Lode—Quartz Croppings—
“Quartz-Grinding” Glaciers—Antediluvian Skele-
ton Galore.**

The formation of the gold-bearing districts of the Yukon country has been a subject of much speculation by experts and mineralogists. There have been so many different theories advanced concerning it, that one is lead to believe that even those who make a specialty of these matters know but little about the formations here. For my part I do not know how or when or by what means this gold was placed there. But I do know that it is there in large quantities.

The formation of the ground and stones differs materially from that of any other placer district I am acquainted with. Quartz ledges are found in nearly every part of Alaska and the Northwest Territory, particularly on the coast, on the Yukon River near the Klondyke, on the Stewart, on the Tananah River, and I believe that the mother-lode will be discovered within a few years. Some are of the opinion that this lode is in Alaska and not in British Territory. To them, the placers of the Klondyke indicate this, as Forty Mile and Sixty Mile Creeks are both heavy in placer gold, which leads them to believe that the quartz source is not far away. They think that the British Columbia placers

are but out-croppings of the Alaska fountain-head. Some do not wonder that the rich quartz deposits have not been found, because the miners have only followed the river course and have not ventured far back into the mountains.

Quartz croppings may be found all over the interior, but it is impossible to trace them on account of the heavy growth of moss, which covers the ground in all directions and even extends far up the mountain sides. When the mother-ledge is discovered, it will probably be by accident, as no indication can be followed very far under the present circumstances and difficulties.

The nuggets throughout the entire district carry quartz which would seem to indicate that the gold has at some time formed a part of a great lode. The indications are that these gold and gravel have not been carried any great distance by water and it may be that when the ledge is found, it will be through the agency of these nuggets. A sharp lookout is being kept for some sign to indicate where the original location of these rich deposits was before the elements or some force of nature carried it away and deposited it into the bottoms of the rivers. Some mineralogists contend that this gold has been ground out of the quartz by the pressure of the glaciers, which lie and move along the courses of the streams exerting a tremendous pressure; and as this force is present to a more appreciable extent in Alaska than elsewhere, they also believe that more placer gold will be found in that region than

in any other part of the world. They strongly advise the prospectors to investigate the small streams instead of the large ones, as their theory is that when gold is precipitated it sinks, and does not float down the streams very far; on that account they assert that richer finds will be made on the American side of the one hundred and forty-first meridian than have been made in the Northwest Territory.

Another theory is that the gold has been worn loose from the lode by the action of the streams, which cut through the mountains and probably have done so for centuries, wearing them down, several hundred feet washing out the gold into the beds and gravel.

Still another theory is that it does not necessarily follow that where placers are found a rich lode still exists, as the deposit may be the accumulations from a large amount of low grade ore, and not from a small amount of rich ore, as is commonly supposed. It is more probable that the small particles have been ground out and undergone a cold weld, and it is now conceded that small particles of gold, traveling along, down water crevices, will congeal and form into nuggets. If the grade of the stream be but little better than flat, large accumulations of sand, gravel and rock will gather with the gold, which will greatly reduce the value of the deposit per cubic yard, whereas, if the current is rapid enough on account of the heavier fall per mile, a large portion of this sand and gravel will be carried away. Gold may have thus accumulated

on the bed-rock, and then the flow having diminished, large accumulations of poorer gravel settled upon it by reason of the diminished rapidity of the current. The bed-rock where these rich deposits are found is usually rough and full of pockets.

There are, however, a few general indications with which all placer miners become familiar. Among those generalizations may be noted that in a gold-bearing region nearly all the rocks carry more or less gold; that it is not necessary to have quartz veins to produce placers; that a country in which there is a combination of volcanic and non-eruptive rock offers the greatest inducement to the prospector; that regions in which there are large gold-bearing quartz veins may afford gulches with very rich spots; that a country with innumerable small streams may furnish gulches of much more uniform and extensive value.

The formation in this district differs widely from other gold sections; it is of lava, white and grey sand, lime-stone and no slate; in fact there is nothing in it to indicate the immediate vicinity of the countless millions that are buried in the gulches.

For my part, I differ from the theories advanced by many of the leading scientists. I am aware that this is presumptuous on my part, but to me, the surroundings indicate that this country, at one time, was in the tropical zone, or at least, that the climate there was at some remote period, tropical and not frigid, as is now the case; and that the gold was dislodged from the lode by extreme heat as well

as later, by extreme cold. I base this theory upon the fact that bones and teeth, and even whole carcasses of animals peculiar to the torrid zone are frequently found. At Troublesome Point the skeleton of a mammoth was found in such a state of preservation that when unearthed and warmed in the sun's rays, it gave off an odor as of an animal recently dead. This carcass was found but thirty-six feet beneath the surface of the earth. Sections of the skeletons of mastodons are found on the bed-rock in all parts of the Yukon valley and even high up into the mountains, and the teeth of both these animals are held as relics by many miners. In brief, my opinion is that these deposits were made in the animal age and the gold ground from the ledges by the action of the water and the climate, and that at that time the climate was tropical. I cannot understand how these deposits could have been made at a time when the earth was frozen, as it is at the present time, and it seems to me that the absence of glaciers from the Yukon valley explodes the glacier theory. The time may have been when glaciers existed here, but as the evidence of the climate at one time having been tropical are so pronounced and the evidences of there having been glaciers entirely absent, I will hold to my belief until some reasonable foundation of the glacier theory is produced.

CHAPTER XV.

One Winter's Work: \$224,000 in Gold Dust and Nuggets—I prepare to go home—"Hotel De Bum"—Half a Million Dollars in Buckskin Sacks—Five Gallon Oil Cans Filled with Gold—A Woman Prospector Worth \$250,000.

The reader would hardly be entertained, by every detail of our camp life. We lived just as others around the district did, and nothing occurred, during our stay at the mines, that was out of the ordinary for that country.

In the spring we built sluice boxes from the logs that we had cut and hauled, which we had whip-sawed into lumber, as lumber at the saw-mill at Dawson City, was worth a hundred and fifty dollars per thousand feet, and hard to get at that. Men stood ready to take each board as it came from the saw, and had we depended on this, the season might have passed before we were enabled to erect our sluice. We sluiced out one hundred and twelve thousand dollars worth; we had panned out and picked up in nuggets, during the winter, nearly as much more. One nugget of about a hundred dollars, had been thrown on the rock pile, but was discovered by one of our employes.

We decided that two of us would return again to civilization and come back the following spring to relieve the others. It fell to the lot of myself and Gage Worden, to make the first trip, and so

accompanied by the other boys, we left for Dawson City, where we intended to take passage for Seattle. The river boat was late and we had to remain at Dawson City for some time. While here, we built a cabin which we called "Hotel de Bum;" this became the headquarters for eight of the boys who were coming out by the same boat. Between the eight of us we had over five hundred thousand dollars in gold dust, which was securely done up in buckskin sacks, there being about twenty-five thousand dollars in each sack. These sacks were ranked up inside our cabin, and resembled a pile of stove wood, as the sacks are long and narrow. These sacks are made of buckskin, and cost five dollars each at Dawson City. Notwithstanding the confidence that exists among miners, and which had been necessary at the camp, we did not trust the people at Dawson City, as all the tough element of Alaska and the Yukon country, had by this time arrived; so we took turns about in guarding our wealth. Four of us were on duty all the time with Worchesters, while the others amused themselves by strolling about the town.

During the winter and early spring, a number of the worst element had been disposed of by the vigilance committee. No one ever knew what became of them, for they simply disappeared, having dropped the trail of life suddenly, and the chances are that even their relatives will never be able to trace them beyond a period when they were full of life and hope. These examples had the desired effect, and

I believe, that, after all, our untiring vigil was unnecessary.

In one cabin, I saw five five-gallon coal oil cans filled with the precious metal; they were the accumulations of five men and made the greatest display of gold dust I had ever witnessed. Finally on the 17th day of June, we took passage on the "Porteous B. Weare," and bidding goodbye to the boys started down the Yukon, bound for home and civilization.

While waiting for the steamer at the "Hotel de Bum," I met a Mrs. Mills of Tacoma, who, a few weeks ago, was a poor woman, but at the present time is worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Asking her to tell me of her experiences in this cold and far-away country, she replied in the following words:

"Two years ago, I decided to try my luck among the rest of the people who were leaving for this frozen land. My husband is a blacksmith by occupation, but being a great sufferer from rheumatism, had been unable to work at his trade for a long time. When I left I was alone, and said that I would not return until I had made a fortune.

"After two years of prospecting, and just when my spirit and fortune were at their lowest ebb, I heard the report that a great strike had been made on the Klondyke. Joining a party of cattlemen, bound that way, I hurried to the new Eldorado,

staked a claim and have realized more than two hundred thousand dollars from it.

"Not being satisfied with this, I established a laundry here and was the first to introduce the 'boiled shirt' among the miners. Although I am compelled to pay two hundred and fifty dollars for a box of starch, I am doing a splendid business. I give an Indian squaw who works in the laundry four dollars a day and expenses; the log cabin in which I do my work I rent for thirty-five dollars a month. Fuel costs me nearly five hundred dollars a year.

"Before fortune favored me so nicely, I worked for the mess of the Alaska Commercial Company here. Efforts have been made to steal my claim, but I have gone for it through suffering almost akin to death, and now that a fight is being made to obtain possession of the one thing that I prize the highest in the world, I will stand by my right if it takes five years."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Yukon Basin—Fish and Feather—All Manners of Game—Indian Way of Hunting Moose—The Settlements on the Great River—Down Stream to St. Michael's—On Board the "Portland"—Fair Seattle Again!

I will diverge from my narrative, long enough to relate some facts and incidents that apply to the Yukon basin. It will probably be interesting to the reader to learn, if indeed he is not already aware of it—that the Yukon River is the second largest stream in the world. In size it is only outstripped by the Amazon in South America, and has no equal on any of the other continents. It discharges one third more water than the Mississippi, and enters Behring Sea through more than a hundred different channels; as it passes over the Yukon flats, it is seventy-five miles wide and the banks cannot be discerned on both sides at the same time from a boat in mid-channel. Its principal tributaries are The Andreafski, Anvik, Innoko, Kaiyun, Nulato, Koyukuk, Soonkakak, Melozikakat, Nowikakat, Klatsutakakat, Tozikakat, Tanana, Klanarchargut, Whimper, Ray, Outt, Beaver, Porcupine, Seventy Mile, Klondyke, Indian, Reindeer, Stewart and White Rivers; Shagluk Slough; Birch, Forty Mile and Sixty Mile Creeks. It is formed by the Pelly and Lewis Rivers whose principal branches, so far as prospected, are, for the Pelly, the McMillan, and for

the Lewis, the Nordenskiöld, Little Salmon, Big Salmon, Hootalinqua. These rivers have really been explored but little, as the Indians, a few miles from the Yukon, are hostile, and the labor of getting provisions any distance in the interior is so great. However, what has been said in this narrative, of the Stewart River will apply to most of them.

There are in Alaska and the Yukon basin more than one hundred varieties of fish; though the salmon and white fish are the principal varieties found in the Yukon and its branches. The lakes, however, fairly teem with pickerel, which resemble the pickerel caught from the lakes in the States except that it is much larger.

The bear, wolf, deer, cariboo, moose, fox and wolverine are the principal animals of the Yukon basin, and are very valuable for their flesh and fur, which supply the necessities of life to the native inhabitants.

Last winter, the Indians had to fall back exclusively on their former habits of living. The Commercial Companies were afraid that to supply them with provisions, as has been their habit for a number of years, would bring on a shortage that might create a famine among the whites; they refused therefore to sell goods to the Indians and threw them on their own resources. They took to the mountains, repaired their old hunting lodges and killed elk enough to see them through the winter in comparative comfort. Occasionally they would load a moose on a sled and bring it to the mines,

sometimes a distance of one hundred miles, and trade it to the miners for flour. Their manner of hunting moose is somewhat novel; it displays the cunning and patience their race has cultivated for centuries. They will take, from the shoulder of the moose, a bone which is about three inches broad at one end while it tapers to a point at the other; this they rattle behind a tree, taking care to keep concealed but occasionally exposing the broad end of the bone. The noise and motion correctly imitate a moose rubbing a tree with its horns, a system which these animals use in communicating with each other; the noise thus made is very clear and may be heard a long distance in the crisp mountain air. When the Indians have thus succeeded in attracting the moose, they appear from behind their cover and kill them. In summer the moose live near the lakes and swamp, and feed on the roots and herbs growing in the water. They will dive down, a distance of several feet, in order to get at a bunch of choice roots.

There are a number of denominational missions established along the Yukon, among the various Indian tribes, and the younger generation is well educated in the English language. They serve as pilots on the river boats, and know the channel so well that they seldom get one of them aground. An Indian will pilot a boat through the country of his tribe when he will be relieved by a native of the next tribe and so on until the boat reaches her destination. At some of these missions, the hardier

vegetables are grown, which are necessary in order to protect the residents from scurvy. A white man cannot exist there longer than three years without some green vegetable food, and until potatoes, cabbage, etc., were brought up the river by the trading companies, the miners would be compelled to seek civilization every few years. Many of the younger Indian squaws are married to miners, when they leave the missions, and follow the fortunes of their husbands. Some of these men, principally French-Canadians have become wealthy and have sent their children to the States and Canada to receive an education..

All the rivers emptying into the Yukon, have been found to contain gold; so far as discovered, the richest among them are the branches of the Klondyke. Heretofore Forty Mile and Sixty Mile Rivers had been considered the richest, though Birch Creek, with its tributaries, was a close third.

So abruptly do the mountains rise from the Yukon, that it might almost be said to split a range in two. It is a rapid stream and is full of islands from its source to its mouth.

As we steamed by Forty Mile City, Fort Reliance and Circle City, we found them almost deserted; in fact, in Circle City, which had hitherto been the metropolis of the interior, I saw but three men, and they were the employes of the Trading Companies, or they would perhaps have been with the others in the new metropolis.

Forty Mile, Sixty Mile, Seventy Mile and other

creeks and locations on the Yukon, whose names indicate distance, are so called on account of their relative distance from Fort Reliance. Sixty Mile is sixty miles above Fort Reliance, and was discovered by a prospector who started from Fort Reliance, then the principal trading post on the Yukon River. Forty Mile is forty miles below Fort Reliance, and Seventy Mile is still thirty miles further down the river.

We steamed down the Yukon, without incident or accident worth noting. The voyage, however, led me to appreciate to some degree the extent and value of the Alaska territory. It is one fourth the size of all the other possessions of the United States and though its purchase price was but seven millions of dollars, its wealth cannot be estimated. The salmon and seal fisheries alone amount to many million of dollars each year, and though I remember that I criticised the United States government at the time it made the investment, I am well satisfied now that no business transaction ever closed in the United States, either of a public or private nature, has been more profitable to the buyer than this purchase has been and will be to Uncle Sam.

We arrived at St. Michael's about the end of June, and were obliged to wait here a few days for the "Portland" on which we intended to take passage to Seattle.

St. Michael's is the principal trading post of the Alaska Commercial Company, and it is here that the ocean steamers must discharge the cargoes

which are to be taken up the Yukon by the river steamers. It is a native town and is located about sixty miles to the north of the usual entrance to the Yukon.

No spot has yet been found nearer the mouth of the Yukon, where a landing can safely be made, as the ice when it comes down the river in the spring covers the various islands and would probably demolish the shore houses or such other structures as might be built for the convenience of commerce.

We took our gold aboard the "Portland" when she arrived and in a few days were steaming southeast toward Unalaska. We celebrated the Fourth of July, as best we could, considering that we were aboard ship in the center of Behring Sea. I believe that we were as happy to be again bound for civilization where the stars and stripes would form a part of every scene, as we had been when boys to suddenly become the possessors of innumerable, genuine fire crackers.

We had a pleasant voyage, and yet, as we were homeward bound with good news it seemed quite long, and we fretted a great deal at not being able to proceed faster. However, in due time, we passed Unalaska and Dutch Harbor, and were again on the broad Pacific. On the 16th of July, we sighted the light house, on Tatoosh Island, off Cape Flattery, at the entrance of the Strait of San Juan De Fuca, and when we passed inside we felt that at last we were indeed almost home. As we steamed by,

we gave the signal and were reported at the various signal stations, along the coast. Hardly had we arrived in the straights when we were signalled by a tug. We hove to and greatly to our surprise we were boarded by a representative of the Associated Press, who it seems had been lying in wait for us. He aroused the captain who in turn gathered together the various passengers and we were all interviewed as to what we had, where and how we obtained it, and whether or not there was any of the stuff left behind. After receiving our answers the reporter went on board the tug again and started for Seattle, where, when we arrived, the first words we heard were "Post-Intelligencer Special! All about the tons of gold on board the 'Portland!' " and, sure enough, our relatives had heard of our good news through the newspaper columns and some of them had even been already shopping on the strength of it.

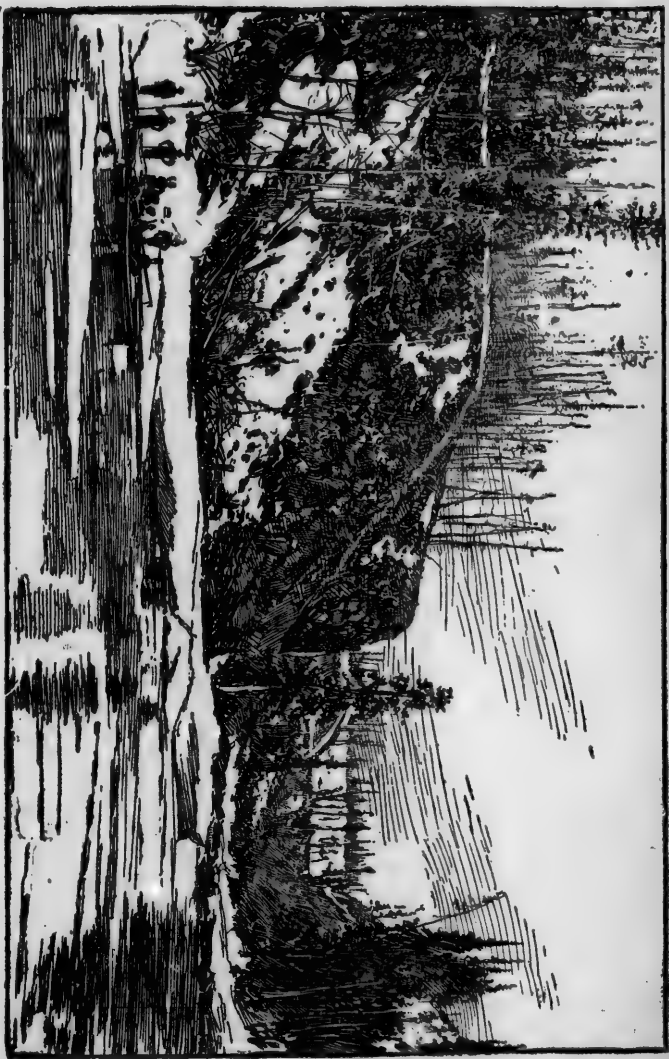
When I sighted Seattle, from the deck of the "Portland" I felt, oh how glad! The surrounding scenery had lost none of its beauty nor had the city lagged in energy or enterprise since I had left it. All around me spoke of undaunted activity and undying hope in the brightest of futures.

CHAPTER XVII.

Fortunes on Board the "Portland"—The Excitement Reaches Its Climax—The Stampede Northward Begins—A Graphic Newspaper Description of the Rush—Inquiring Visitors and Correspondents by the Thousand—Off to San Francisco—Five Thousand Six Hundred Shining Double Eagles Stamped Out of My Klondyke Gold.

A partial list of the gold that we brought down on the Portland reads as follows:

Clarence Berry	\$135,000.
William M. Stanley.....	112,000.
F. G. H. Bowfer.....	90,000.
T. S. Lippy.....	65,000.
Henry Dore	50,000.
J. B. Hollingshead.....	25,000.
Albert Galbraith	15,000.
James McMahon	15,000.
Victor Lord	15,000.
Douglas McArthur	15,000.
Bernard Anderson	14,000.
Robert Krook	14,000.
Fred Lendesser	13,000.
J. J. Kelly.....	10,000.
Thomas Cook	10,000.
M. S. Norcross.....	10,000.
J. Ernmerger	10,000.
Con Stamatin	8,205.
Jack Horne	6,000.
Albert Fox	5,100.



ON ONE OF THE FAMOUS CREEKS.

Greg Stewart	\$ 5,000.
Thomas Flack	5,000.
Louis B. Rhoads.....	5,000.
J. O. Hestwood.....	5,000.
Joe Ladue	10,000.
Ben Wall	50,000.
William Carlson	50,000.
Wm. Sloan	50,000.
John Wilkerson	50,000.
Jim Clemens	50,000.
Frank Keller	35,000.
Sam Collej	25,000.
Stewart and Hollenhead	45,000.
Charles Myers and partner.....	22,000.
Johnny Marks	10,000.
Alex. Orr	10,000.
Fred Price	15,000.
Fred Latisceura	10,000.
Tim Bell	31,000.
William Hayes	35,000.
Dick McNulty	20,000.
Jake Halterman	14,000.
Johnson and Olson	20,000.
Neil McArthur	50,000.
Charles Anderson	25,000.
Joe Morris	15,000.
Hank Peterson	12,000.

There were a great many more who came back with from \$3,000 to \$10,000 whose names I have forgotten.

The crowd at the wharf when we landed was so

dense that we could hardly get through; in fact without the aid of a detachment of police, I do not think we could have gotten ashore. They cleared the way for us and most of us loaded our gold into wagons and took it to the express office, where we shipped it to the various mints. I shipped mine to San Francisco, where it was coined.

The people seemed to be at first almost dumb with astonishment but after the gold had disappeared from view this astonishment gave way to an excitement that resulted in a stampede from Seattle, the like of which has perhaps never been known in the world's history.

The stampede proper began when the news of the discovery was first told on the Yukon River. The crew of the steamer that brought in supplies deserted to a man, and the captain had to employ natives in order to get the steamer back down the river. The stampede spread until it had reached the remotest mines in the Yukon basin. Sixty Mile, Forty Mile, Fort Cudahy, Circle City, and in fact every camp was deserted for the Klondyke district.

The news then reached Juneau, and the other Alaska coast towns, and they too joined in the rush. The excitement in all the coast cities became intense and men rushed around like insane beings in their efforts to get the wherewith to join the stampede. The first boat to leave for the North after the return of the "Excelsior" and "Portland" with their cargoes of gold was the steamer "Portland," which started North as soon as she could get

a cargo aboard. Her leaving is described in the "Post Intelligencer" of the following day, and as the description is well written, I will not try to improve on it, but will quote verbatim as follows:

"Perhaps never before in the history of Seattle has there departed from its embracing harbor a steamer freighted with a cargo so interesting and destined so vaguely as the "Portland," which swung out yesterday afternoon from a wharf covered with hundreds of waving, weeping people, and, pushing her nose to the north, sailed for the Yukon.

"It was like the parting of a son from a mother, and the Queen City seemed loth to admit the going. There were men aboard so beloved by her that in the great grief of the mother, individual tears seemed petty. There have been hundreds who have gone before and hearts which ached at their departure, but this seemed more individually a boatload of Seattle people; some having not only a circle of friends, such as falls to the lot of the majority, but holding a position in the public eye which made their exodus an event of general importance. Among the watchers from the wharf, there was none who did not feel the exciting influence of the scene. As well known faces passed up the short gang-plank, sympathetic whispers signified their recognition and breathed hopes of their success.

"In every crowd there is the melancholy man, and perhaps he saw a shadowy arch spanning the steamer's gangway with the words 'All hope abandon ye who enter here.' But the opinions of the

144 THE NORTHWEST STAMPEDE BEGINS

pessimist were at a discount in that crowd of enthusiasts. They could only see the sign: "The road to wealth." One hundred and fifty took that road, and one could imagine, as they boarded single file, the Goddess Fortune touching with her wand those destined to success. Who felt that magic touch and the warmth of Fortune's smile? Did it fall on the swift or on the slow; on the man who had achieved and lost, or on him whose pace was yet untried?

"The 'Portland' did not get away within four hot hours of her scheduled time. Her sailing date was fixed at noon, but it was four o'clock before the gang-plank was drawn in and the unintelligible orders were given to cast off. The sun came out to see every thing he could, and was in every body's way, making a genial nuisance of himself. His warm interest in the proceedings, however, was taken as a good omen. He was yellow, too, and the prospectors had the delight of "seeing the color" early in their hunt.

"Probably more than 2,000 people were on the Schwabacher dock, or as near as they could get to it. Some were attracted by curiosity, but many were there to bid adieu to relatives and friends. One man at least was on hand for business. He was an aged candyman, with a store of the yellow preparation known to confectioners as peanut candy. It was made up in cakes, and the old man held these aloft before the eyes of the outgoing miners and cried: 'Yukon nuggets, 25 cents apiece.' William

Moran, of Moran Bros., who, by the way, seemed very glad to find himself going, fell heir to a half nugget without being required to put up the stipulated 12½ cents. He saw Comptroller Parry roaming around with a camera in hand, and cried out: 'Take a shot at me, will you, and give it to my brother for my wife.' The shot was taken. Two enterprising boys dodged in and out of the crowd, offering for sale copies of the 'British Mining Laws.'

"Ex-Gov. John H. McGraw and Gen. E. M. Carr were among the first to board the vessel. There was an interesting scene at the gang plank, where the governor, after breaking through his many friends, was stopped by a deck hand and required to show his ticket. Gen. Carr had gone ahead with the necessary passes, and the governor encountered his first obstacle. The deck hand did not know who he was. As soon as the difficulty was comprehended by the crowd a dozen voices cried: 'That's all right, man; that's all right.' The deck hand persisted. The attention of an officer was called, some one on board evidently explaining who the delayed passenger was. He came to the spot at once and called out cheerily: 'Let the gentleman pass, Tommy, and all the ladies with him.' Tommy obeyed, and Gov. McGraw passed aboard, followed by Mrs. McGraw, his daughter and son. They went below to their cabin, and were not seen until shortly before the steamer sailed.

"There was one familiar sign on the steamer's side. S. P. Weston, the Post Intelligencer's special

correspondent, crawled out on a life boat and tacked on its side the yellow board whose brothers give from every fence and bill board in the city this advice: 'Read the P-I.'

"Altogether those on the boat seemed happy, probably sustained by exciting visions of a golden home-coming. It was the desolate hearts left behind which seemed breaking, and many a woman kissed her husband and straight way burst into tears. A most affecting parting was between a gentle-faced old man and his gray-haired wife. He looked as one who had tried before the fortunes of a mining camp and went forth now on a search which might be his last. The sweet grief of that aged wife and her husband's noble efforts at condolence were most pathetic. Some laughed and joked to force away the tell-tale evidence of sorrow, and some there were whose stony features showed no trace of what was too deep for display.

"Exactly at four o'clock, the lines were cast off and the steamer, with her cargo of high strung human beings, drew away from the landing. Four deck hands standing on a lumber platform at her bow sang: 'Say au revoir, but not goodby.' It was an old story to them, and they seemed delighted at their ability to display their noisy joy. At the stern was a deck hand of different mold. He surveyed the crowd from the boat, and emitting a melancholy 'whoop' he feebly waved his arm and dived below. The crowd laughed at this, only too glad to relieve the tension. As the 'Portland' cir-

cled about in the harbor, the steamers along the water front turned loose their steam whistles in prolonged salutes. Handkerchiefs waved from shore to boat, cheers rent the air, and women cleared their tearful eyes to strain them, for one last glance, at the slowly retreating boat. Off Four-mile rock, the passing steamer 'Grayhound' gave a last long, royal salute. It was thus the 150 passed out of sight.

"The cargo of the 'Portland' was about 1,200 tons, destined for St. Michael's, Dawson City, Fort Cudahy, Circle City and Unalaska. The manifest at the local customs house showed the following items: Paint, 5 cases; beer, 133 casks; windows, 36 bundles; groceries, 192 cases; dry goods, 13 cases; picks, 110; shovels, 150; potatoes, 800 crates; onions, 100 crates; oranges, 50 crates; lemons, 25 crates; rice, 200 mats; flour, 2,000 sacks; dried fruits, 1,477 cases; groceries, 1,420 cases; hardware, 196 bundles; cigars, 2 cases; lumber and material for warehouse.

"There were 1,466 packages of Canadian goods in transit, covered by a transportation and exportation bond."

The "Portland" was followed by other steamers, sailing craft and even canoes until more than a thousand people have gone in by way of St. Michael's, and about eight thousand people have been landed at Dyea and Skaguay, and still there are more going. But few of those, however, who intended going over the pass, will be able to get

down the Yukon, before it freezes up, and unless they have plenty of supplies with them it is perhaps better so. These people came from all parts of the United States, and Europe is represented in the stampede. Some are returning already, having given up the attempt to get through before winter, and, in some cases, the bodies of others less fortunate have been shipped back to their friends.

This stampede will continue during the next year, 1898, and the question "When are you going?" has become so annoying to people in the Pacific coast towns that they have taken to wearing a button inscribed with the words "Going in the spring," which effectually answers the question even before it has been asked.

I had no sooner gotten home than I was besieged on all sides by people desiring information on this wonderful country. My house was full, night and day, and letters poured in until I had received more than a thousand, which of course I found it impossible to answer. These letters were of every description, but were generally of a business-like nature, and I very much regret that I could not find time even to read them all.

After being home but a few days I left with my family for San Francisco, where I went to get my gold minted and if possible escape the crowd of information seekers. Not but what I was willing at all times to give what information I could, but the strain of constant talking, from morning till night and from night to midnight, had very much im-

paired my health, and I needed rest. In San Francisco, however, at my hotel, I found it equally as bad, still as long as I could talk, I did so, and when my voice gave out entirely I had to turn people away without seeing them.

The U. S. mint, at this time, was closed on account of a change that was about to be made, the Democratic director being superseded by a Republican one. This delay kept us all waiting for about two weeks but finally we succeeded in getting our gold coined. I had the satisfaction of being the possessor of the cleanest dust, as my lot went for sixteen dollars and thirty cents to the ounce.

While in San Francisco, I was entertained by the business men of the Golden Gate City. In fact we were all considered guests and many of us had the entre to the most exclusive business and social circles. Though I have no doubt that this was caused by the general desire for information, yet the people of San Francisco proved that they were masters of the art of entertaining, and should any of them come my way in the Klondyke, I will willingly reciprocate with the best that there is in that land; though I have no doubt it will be ice-water for wine (for I don't believe that the average San Francisco palate could stand the Klondyke liquors), and, for the dainty dishes of the Maison Riche or the Palace Hotel, I will willingly exchange such as we have: bacon and sour dough bread.

Of late there has been considerable discussion as to who was actually the discoverer of gold on the

150 REAL DISCOVERER OF THE NEW FIELDS

branches of the Klondyke. In order to throw more light on the subject I will give the story as related to me by George W. McCormack, whose name has been misspelled throughout the country as "Cromack, Cromax and Cromick." He told me that he was fishing at the mouth of the Klondyke together with his two brothers-in-law, the Indians, Skukum Jim and Pagish Charlie; as there was no salmon they struck camp and went up the Klondyke, which he had been intending for some time to prospect. When they reached the mouth of the Bonanza Creek, a tributary entering from the east, they found a man called Bob Henderson, at work, ground sluicing. He was taking out about twenty dollars a day. They did not stop here, but went up the Bonanza, about twenty miles, where they struck pay-streak that turned out rich. As twenty dollars per day can be taken out almost any where in that country, the Henderson find was not really a strike, and therefore the credit of the great discovery is due to George W. McCormack.

I returned from San Francisco, only to learn that letters were still pouring in and that every man I met seemed to be covered all over with the legend "information wanted."

As I was completely tired out, I left the next day for the country and took up my residence on an island in Puget Sound, where I resolved that I would write this book, and give to the world such knowledge as I possess and which might be taken, in every respect, as authentic.

I am indebted to my amanuensis, Mr. J. M. Davis, of Seattle, for arranging this information into the form in which it is presented to the public. I believe that the style is clear and that the narrative of an interesting, yea, even almost sensational trip is well written. What others may think remains to be seen. If it entertains or instructs my readers, I will be well satisfied, even though it does not result in a financial success, for of gold I have enough and to spare.

I have often been asked what I intend to do with all this money; I will answer by stating that I intend first to dig it out of the ground and then I shall use a part of it in such a way that when I come to leave this earth I can feel, notwithstanding what others might say, that the world is better for my having lived.

I have frequently been asked where I would advise persons going to the Yukon to procure their outfits. In this connection I will simply say that I believe that everything needed can be procured here in Seattle, for as little money as elsewhere, and that the resources of the merchants here will be equal to any demand that can possibly be made upon them.

If my readers, who propose passing through Seattle, en route for the Yukon, will call upon me at my office in the Olympic Block I will give them such advice, aid and information as I am able con-

cerning quality of outfits, articles required, etc., and also the latest news and advices from the interior.

My address is:

W. M. STANLEY,
Olympic Block, Seattle, Wash.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Great Boundary Question—A Possible Quarrel Between Uncle Sam and John Bull—The Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1825—Russian Rights Transferred to Us in 1867—Possession of the Lynn Canal in Question—It Commands the Overland Routes From the Coast to the Gold Fields—The Seattle Merchants' Petition.

It is generally and erroneously believed by the public at large that the Alaska boundary controversy which has been dragging for so many years between the United States and British governments refer to the districts that have caused such excitement in the last few months. Some have gone so far as to state that the Klondyke river and its rich creeks and tributaries were, by rights, enclosed within Uncle Sam's domains. Now this is an absolute mistake, and the point of the great boundary controversy refers to a totally different territory.

In that connection, Professor George Davidson, for many years at the head of the United States Government Geodetic Survey on the Pacific coast, has made the following statement based upon his own investigations:

"Whatever doubt has been cast upon the position of the whole Klondyke district being in British Columbia must have arisen from a misunderstanding of the dispute existing upon the proper location

of that part of the boundary line lying eastward and southward of Mount St. Elias. The north or meridian line of the boundary has been accurately determined. The only local dispute that could possibly arise would be in the Forty-Mile Creek district. But no dispute has arisen in the district, nor is it likely that any will occur. There is no doubt that the line has been satisfactorily laid down."

We may, therefore, accept as fixed the fact of the British ownership of the Klondyke region; but must add that there is a very grave dispute, unsettled yet and referring to the coast line of Alaska, along the Lynn Canal, including the inlets of Dyce and Skaguay, from which start the famous miners' trails of the Chilkoot and the White Pass respectively.

The area sought by the British includes the key to the far northern part of America. While the value of the territory in question cannot be accurately determined, it can be readily seen that great commercial advantages will accrue to the nation holding it. Especially is this evident at this time, as it is almost impossible to pass into the Yukon gold fields without traversing some part of what is claimed as Alaska.

During Secretary Olney's term, he and Sir Julian Pauncefote had practically agreed on a treaty, but the Senate has never acted upon it. The treaty was the result of the work of a boundary commis-

sion and its exact terms are not known. However, the results of a survey authorized by it has, until the recent discoveries of rich gold deposits, been considered by both the United States and England as official and correct.

In 1821, the Czar of Russia issued a ukase prohibiting the vessels of other nations from approaching the coast of Russian America. His orders were not to allow any vessel, not carrying the Russian flag within 100 miles of the coast. England commenced negotiations in reference to this prohibition, which resulted in a treaty in 1825. It read as follows: "The line of demarkation between the possessions of the high contracting powers upon the coast of the continent and the island of America to the northwest should be drawn in the following manner: Commencing from the southernmost of the land called Prince of Wales Island, which point lies in the parallel of 54 degrees 40 minutes north latitude, and between the 31st degree and the 133d degree of west longitude, the same line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland channel as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude. From this last mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the 41st degree of west longitude of the same meridian, and finally from the said point of intersection on the said meridian line of the 141st degree in its prolongation, as far as the frozen ocean, shall form the

limit between the Russian and British possessions on the continent of America to the northwest. Wherever the summit of the mountains, which extend in a direction parallel to the coast from the fifty-sixth degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude, shall prove to be a distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, which is to belong to Russia, as above stated, they shall be formed by a line parallel to the winding of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

In 1867 the United States purchased from Russia what was known as Russian America. In describing the boundaries of this tract precisely the same terms were used in the treaty of purchase. In fact the description was copied verbatim from the English-Russian document. In 1884, however, the English, being advised by their geographers that a mistake had been made in the tracing of the provisional boundary, insisted that the final line of demarkation should be advanced seaward.

Instead of passing up the Portland channel, the Canadian maps represented the line as passing up the Behm Channel, about seventy miles west of the Portland Channel mentioned in the treaty.

There are three facts given by the boundary commission, that show beyond any question that the line as previously represented is the correct one.

"First, the British admiralty, when surveying the

northern limit of the British Columbian possession in 1868, surveyed Portland Canal and not Behm Canal, and thus by implication admitted this to be the boundary line."

"Second, the region now claimed by British Columbia was at that time occupied as a military post of the United States without objection or protest on the part of British Columbia.

"Third, Annette Island, in this region, was by Act of Congress four years ago, set apart as a reservation for the use of the Metlakahtla Indians, who sought asylum under the American flag to escape annoyances experienced under the British flag."

Lynn Canal is the northernmost extension of the Alexander Archipelago, the head of which is about one hundred miles north of Juneau. Here are situated Dyce and the Skaguay Bay from which start, respectively, the Chilcoot Pass and the White Pass. These are the only practical overland routes to the Yukon gold fields. The Taku River may also be considered a probable route in the future. The English claims include both the Lynn Canal and the Taku River, thus practically corralling the great highways to the gold diggings of the Yukon, in Alaska, as well as in British Columbia.

It can easily be seen that serious complications may arise between the United States and the British government before this matter is finally settled. The belief of the English in their rights will lead them to occupy the territory in question as long as possible and, in the near future, British troops will

probably be posted at Dyea to collect customs from incoming miners, and to hold all available passes in the name of the Queen of England. The United States government should have the matter examined with the utmost care and sense of justice, and after obtaining the opinion of lawyers well versed in international law set about adjusting this controversy so that we know whether the United States postoffice at Chilkat is in England or in the United States.

The United States surveyors in a recent report said:

"In substance these determinations throw the diggings at the mouth of Forty Mile Creek within the territory of the United States. The whole valley of this rich creek is also in the United States. Most of the gold is to the west of the 141st meridian at Forty Mile Creek. If we follow the 141st meridian on a chart the mouth of Miller's Creek, a tributary of Sixty Mile Creek, and a valuable gold region, is five miles in a direct line, or seven miles according to the winding of the stream, all within the territory of the United States. In substance, the only places in the Yukon region where gold in quantity has been found are all to the west of the boundary line between Canada and the United States."

The United States surveyors favored the arbitration of the 141st meridian question, but expressed a belief that the United States Government would refuse to arbitrate their claims of Lynn Canal. This report, however, was rendered before the discovery

of the rich deposits on the Klondyke, which, with all its tributaries, is clearly within the limits of British Columbia. The Klondyke empties into the Yukon from the northeast, at about the 140th meridian. As its gold-bearing tributaries as far as prospected, rise still farther east, there can be no question as to this section.

On the other hand, the Chilkoot and White Passes, and the Taku River valley form the only overland outlet of the Yukon basin, and should a railroad ever be built to connect this great country with the ocean steamship lines, it must be by the way of the White Pass. It is this territory that the English covet, as the government that occupies these passes holds the key to the great inland Empire of the Yukon.

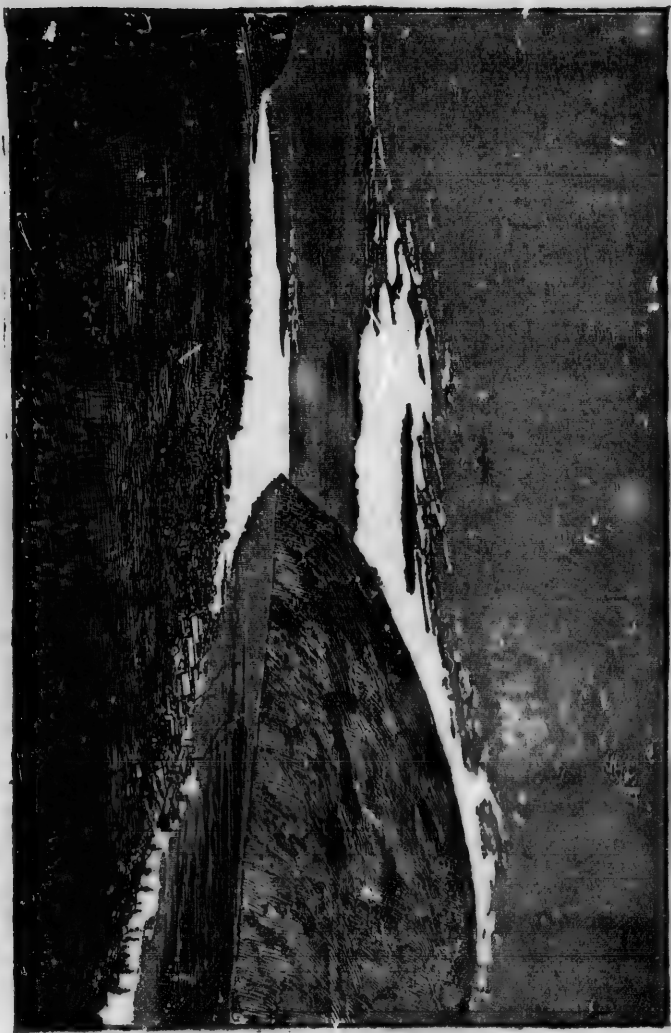
Already an English company has completed a preliminary survey for a railroad line through this pass, connecting with tide water at Skaguay Bay.

When England and Russia negotiated the treaty in 1825, but little was known of this territory. Indeed about the only white man who had ever made a voyage of discovery through this section of the north seas was Captain George Vancouver.

Near the close of the last century, he published, in England, a narrative in which he speaks of the Portland Canal, and, in the Behm Canal, he located a rock which is 250 feet high and about 60 feet in width at its base. This rock he called "New Eddystone Rock" after the famous rock off the south coast of England on which stands a light house.

From 1847 to 1867, the Hudson Bay Company paid Russia a yearly rental for the privilege of hunting and trading inland to the northwest of the Portland Canal. It would seem that the English government, at that time, construed the words of the treaty differently from what they do at the present time.

The United States, shortly after it purchased the territory from Russia, sent a company of infantry and built Fort Tongas which was located at the mouth of the Canal. In 1870, however, not knowing the existence of the rich mineral deposits, and not suspecting that any nation would care to steal this land of icebergs and brush, the soldiers were withdrawn, but a custom house was maintained until 1889, when it was moved further north. At this time, the British Government made no objection to this action, and not until a system of claiming new rights by means of modernized maps was inaugurated, did it give symptoms of its being imposed upon in the matter of boundaries. This system of "mapping" into its own borders territory that belongs to other nations has been followed by England for hundreds of years, but it is to be earnestly hoped that this time the British Government will not succeed in obtaining from the United States this valuable territory. Our government at Washington, however, should be awake to the situation, and act quickly, otherwise the British will have taken possession of the contested territory, and will have custom houses and military posts established



DAWSON CITY.



on all of the natural highways, if, indeed, they have not succeeded in doing so already.

The United States has always construed the language of the treaty to mean ten marine leagues or thirty-four miles inland from bays and inlets, in fact the measurement to be made from the edge of salt water wherever it washed the shores of the mainland, unless it were found that the "summit of the mountains situated parallel to coast" should intervene when the line should follow summit.

As a matter of fact there is no well defined mountain range following the general course of the coast. The mountains seem to have been thrown about in a haphazard way and do not appear to bear any particular relation to each other. They extend in all directions and the higher points of the cluster are many miles farther inland.

The British Government construes the treaty to mean that measurements should be made from the main channels of water, and that the crest of the first mountains or foot hills, must be the mountains referred to in this important document.

The line of demarcation as recently laid out by the English begins at the southeastern extremity of Prince of Wales Island and runs north for a distance of about seventy-five miles until the mouth of Behm Canal is reached. From here its course is east of north up the Behm Canal as far as the 56th parallel of north longitude, thence in a northwestern direction to Taku inlet where its direction is changed to due west, leaving Taku inlet in the British posses-

sions, passing immediately behind Juneau and cutting both Lynn Canal and Glacier Bay from Alaska, thence in a northwestern direction until it reaches the 141st meridian at Mount St. Elias.

The strip of territory on which the British have fastened their eyes, and are hoping to secure by arbitration, is to be found around Juneau, Lynn Canal, and the Taku inlet. It embraces a territory about one hundred miles square and includes Glacier Bay, the Chilkoot Pass, the White Pass, and the mouth of the Taku River, which form the overland routes to the gold fields. The British line here, as claimed, deflects westward 38 degrees forty minutes north, and follows due west until the 136 degree of west longitude, and then turns southwesterly at Mt. St. Elias, where it follows the 141st degree of longitude north to the frozen seas. If the English should acquire territory on Lynn Canal or Taku inlet they would without a doubt monopolize the trade of the Yukon country. This they even now attempted to do by collecting an import duty on miners' outfits entering the territory by way of the pass. The business men of the Pacific Northwest in the United States have taken the matter up, and on August 2, 1897, the Chamber of Commerce of Seattle, passed the following resolution:

"Whereas, the Treasury department of the government of the United States has, by regulation, provided special privileges to the Canadian Government by establishing sub-ports of entry at the so-called ports of Dyea and Skaguay Bay, in the dis-

strict of Alaska, and by granting the right of transporting Canadian goods in bond from such sub-ports, through American Territory, to the boundary line of Canada without payment of duty; and

"Whereas, the Canadian government has provided for the collection of duties on American goods destined for the Yukon, including miner's individual outfits, and has, in addition, proposed the collection of miners' licenses and heavy royalties on the output of its mines, and has never allowed such privileges as special ports of entry, but, on the contrary, as in the case of Port Simpson, on the Skeene River, has closed long established ports of entry to prohibit business of American vessels; and

"Whereas, the Yukon mines have largely been discovered, prospected and developed by the hardy pioneers of the United States, the business in connection with them developed by its merchants, and the means of access, by its transportation lines; and

"Whereas, ninety-five per cent. of the business of Alaska and the Yukon River country is owned, controlled and transacted by citizens of the United States residing in the States of California, Oregon and Washington, not one of whom has asked the granting of such privileges; and

"Whereas, all of the transportation of such business has been handled by United States vessels, built in its yards, manned by its citizens, supplied with provisions and fuel by its merchants and paying taxes in home ports of the United States, not one of the owners of which vessels has asked the

granting of such privileges; on the contrary they have protested against the same; and,

"Whereas, there are no settlements at Dyca or Skaguay Bay, no wharves, landings, or lighters for landing freight, and no assurance that such ports will be permanent ports, and are now only stretches of sandy beach; and,

"Whereas, there are no records in the government department of any freight passing through said points; no reports or recommendations concerning said ports; no survey or report by the United States coast survey that such points are suitable places for landing; no request by or from any citizens of the United States for the granting of such privileges, but the same were granted at the sole request of the Canadian Government for the sole benefit of Canadian citizens, at large expense to the government of the United States and to the serious detriment of, and irreparable damage to, the business interests of the citizens of the United States; and

"Whereas, the granting of such privileges is contrary to the spirit of the laws of the United States for the protection of domestic commerce and the encouragement of its merchant marine, and the practical effect of the particular privilege now complained of is to permit the free entry into the Yukon country of Canadian goods, while at the same time it levies high and restrictive duties upon American goods for the same region, thereby resulting in the loss to American citizens of this

rapidly increasing business and compelling them to become silent, but powerless, witnesses to the reaping by foreigners of the rich harvest planted and fostered by American enterprise; and

"Whereas, there is now no practicable or feasible route to these regions except across territory belonging to the United States, which fact alone gives us the key to the door of equal rights and privileges; and the revocation of the particular privilege in question will place shippers of American goods on the same plane or level with shippers of British goods, which is all that is asked by American shippers; therefore, be it

"Resolved by the Chamber of Commerce and the merchants and outshippers of Seattle, that the Secretary of the Treasury be requested to rescind the regulation providing for the bonding of Canadian goods in transit through Alaska, and also the regulation establishing sub-ports of entry at Dyey, Skaguay Bay and Circle City.

"Resolved further, that copies of these resolutions be sent to the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Treasury, and to our senators and representatives in congress, with a request to said senators and representatives to use their utmost endeavors to procure the rescision of the regulations herein referred to, and the establishment of such ports of entry and discharge as are necessary for the business of this country only.

"Resolved, further, that copies of these resolutions be furnished the daily papers of the city, and



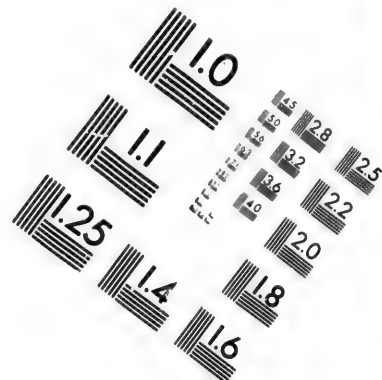
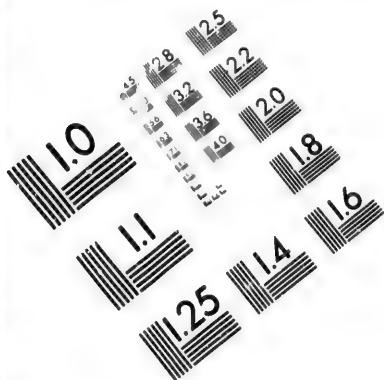
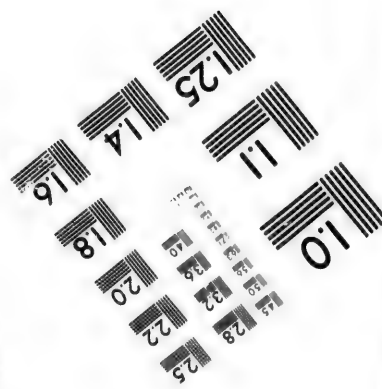
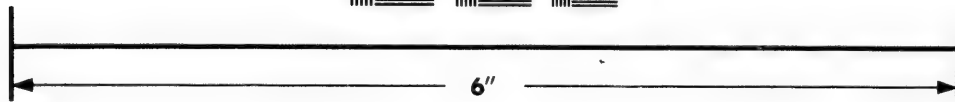
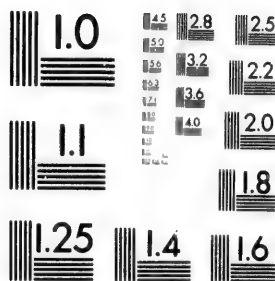


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the Associated Press; that copies be sent likewise to the Chambers of Commerce of the cities of Port Townsend, Tacoma, Portland and San Francisco, requesting the consideration by said bodies of the subject matter of these resolutions, and that they join this chamber in urging the matter upon the proper authorities until the desired relief shall have been obtained. Respectfully submitted.

J. T. RONALD, Chairman.

J. B. MacDOUGALL,

C. J. SMITH,

G. W. FISHER,

THOMAS W. PROSCH, Committee."

These resolutions had the effect of making the Canadian government a little more reasonable, and in answer to a query by the United States Treasury Department as to the truth of the statements therein contained, it replied by stating that the orders in regard to collection of duties on outfits purchased in the United States would be modified. Acting quickly on the modified order, Collector A. R. Milne, of Victoria, announced that "All clothing necessary and a reasonable quantity of provisions would be admitted free of duty." This modification was a source of great satisfaction to the merchants of Washington, Oregon and California and gives them an advantage over all competitors in outfitting miners for the Yukon country.

Those who landed at Dyea and Skaguay, early in the stampede, however, were obliged to pay the import duty before they were allowed to cross the pass.

As yet the Canadian government has not signified its intention to return it.

If the Canadian government keeps faith with the United States and construes the "necessary provisions" in as liberal a manner as the rigorous climate of the Yukon seems to demand, all will perhaps be well, but if it does not fulfill its promise to the satisfaction of the United States government, it may yet find that we hold the whip hand. The United States government can at any time discontinue the support at Dyea which will prevent all vessels flying a foreign flag from landing there.

CHAPTER XIX.

Women Tell of Their Adventures in the Yukon—Mrs. Clarence Berry's Narrative—Panning Out \$7,000 Pin Money—Mrs. Thomas Lippy's Letter—A Model Housewife at the Diggings.

In this frigid region there were but few women. In fact there were but two white women at the mines. These were Mrs. Clarence Berry of Fresno, California, and Mrs. Thomas Lippy of Seattle, Washington. They resided, when at the mines, about a mile apart and each came in under difficult circumstances.

As the experiences of these ladies will undoubtedly be of interest to everyone, especially if written by themselves, I have taken the trouble to communicate with them, and they have kindly consented to each write a letter especially for this work.

These interesting narratives are given below.

Letter of Mrs. Clarence Berry:

"Fresno; Cal., Aug. 20, 1897.

Mr. W. M. Stanley, Seattle, Wash.,

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your letter of 16th inst. in which you request me to write a letter especially for a work which you are publishing relative to the Klondyke district in the Northwest Territory. You state that you think such a letter would be of interest to your readers and will be especially appreciated by ladies who contemplate a journey into these gold fields.

"It will give me pleasure to grant this request of one who was a neighbor in that dark, dreary country, and if I can entertain or instruct your readers, I will gladly do so. Of course, I, like yourself, receive a great many communications from people all over the United States, asking for information concerning this land of gold. But, as it would be a physical impossibility to answer all these letters I have not attempted to do so; not because I have any objections to doing so, but for lack of time. It may be that my correspondents will see these lines. If they do, I hope that they will accept this explanation of my seeming neglect, and will regard this letter as an answer to their inquiries.

"In this letter, I will not attempt to advise any woman to go to the Klondyke district. Nor will I advise them to stay away, but will content myself with relating my experiences, together with a description of life in this strange land.

"I would not go again myself, though I am glad that I had the experience. It was well worth the hardships that I was obliged to endure; but once is enough. When Mr. Berry goes back, I will remain at home and enjoy this beautiful climate, and the comforts which our good fortune in the North has made it possible for us to obtain.

"I took with me an outfit of clothes that was made especially for that cold climate. It does not pay to take anything that is not of the best material, as the first cost is but slight when compared with the trouble and expense of getting it into this far-

away land. One doesn't need a very large wardrobe and it is best to take no more than is absolutely necessary, on account of the difficulty of getting it in. My outfit cost but about \$250. It included three suits of everything right straight through. I had heavy woolen underwear and knitted hose, also of wool. My skirts were very short, coming but a little below my knees. I had a heavy fur coat of marten, a fur cap, fur gloves, and a very heavy shawl. I wore no shoes except in going and coming to and from Juneau. As furs cost less and are better made up here than in Alaska I took my coat from the States. We obtained a fur robe from a man who was coming out, and as it is a necessity we were glad to be so fortunate; it is well, however, to take one along. The fur gloves may be obtained to better advantage up there than here and cost but from \$2 to \$4 a pair. Moccasins take the place of shoes in the winter, and 'muclucs' are the best foot wear when it is thawing and wet. These can be obtained at the mines for from one to five dollars. The moccasins are made of fur seal, with the furry side worn next to the person. They may be made any length and are sometimes worn long enough to reach to the thigh. They are drawn on like a boot, and are bound with thongs from the instep up and are tied at the top with a string, which laces like a shoe. In wet weather the 'mucluc' is worn. The natives make these waterproof on the soles by dipping them in seal oil. 'Mucluc' is the native name and signifies in English 'mud moccasins.' Keeping

the feet warm is the healthiest protection, and, for that reason, in addition to the woolen hose and moccasins, I wore also flannel insoles. In all the time I was in Alaska I did not get frost bitten, nor get my fingers nor my nose nipped. I had a well-stocked medicine chest with me, though I had but little use for it, very much to my satisfaction.

"A great many people suffer excessive hardships in that country, but it is generally owing to an insufficient outfit or to their own poor cooking. The men are not much at cooking up there, and that is one reason why they are attacked with stomach troubles and scurvy. After a man has worked all day in the diggings, he doesn't feel like cooking a nice meal when he goes to his cabin, cold, weary and hungry and finds no fire in the stove and all his food frozen.

"We left Juneau in March 1896, accompanied by several friends. We had a dog team that hauled our supplies and were, therefore, enabled to get through without much suffering. At Juneau, I put on my Alaska uniform, the heavy flannels, warm dress with short skirt, moccasins, fur coat, cap and gloves, kept my shawl handy in case of storms, and was wrapped tight in a fur rug and bound to the sled. I got many a tumble in the snow when the sled rolled over with me.

"The supplies for Mr. Berry and myself, which we procured in Juneau, cost about eight hundred dollars and weighed about a ton. We did not confine ourselves to flour, beans and bacon alone, but had

plenty of canned meats, hams, dried fruits and vegetables, and all kinds of canned fruits besides. In fact we arranged for as wholesome a diet as it was possible to take in with us.

"It took us three months to travel from Juneau to Forty Mile, which I think is a distance of about nine hundred miles. Sometimes we traveled fifteen miles in a day, but ordinarily, we made but ten or twelve. The dogs could not stand to travel more with their heavy loads. We carried our own stores up to the summit and hired Indians to take it from there to Lake Lindeman. We had fresh moose and cariboo on the way. At first, when I saw the dirty Indians bringing it in their canoes, I would not eat it, but I soon changed my mind and got to like it very well indeed. We prepared our meals by setting up our stove right on the ice, sometimes in the open air, and other days under cover of our tent. At night, we pitched our tents, made a bed of boughs, put our blankets over it, covered ourselves with the fur robe and slept very well. I took two small pillows and four pairs of heavy blankets with me. Our bedding was always dry, as we kept it packed in an oilskin cover.

"We crossed Lake Le Barge, a distance of thirty-six miles in one night, which was the best time we made enroute. They pitched the tent upon the provision scow, and I slept all the way across. We had to make such good time because we were afraid that the ice would soon begin to run. We had a fine sunshiny day to cross the summit, but we had

to sit still and wait two weeks for it. We got to Forty Mile in June, but in October returned up the Yukon to the Klondyke. I stayed at the trading post which has now developed into a city, while the boys went on to build a cabin. The cabin was nineteen miles from Dawson City, and it took me two days hard walking to cover the distance. On the ice across the river, there was about an inch of water, and I slipped and slid in every direction. When I arrived at the cabin they had not yet gotten the doors or windows in, nor the floor laid, so I had to stand around outside until a hole was cut for me to get in through. When the cabin was completed it was very comfortable, having two rooms and was one of the most magnificent mansions of that section. We got a carpet and some curtains from Dawson City and had all the camp-made furniture we needed, so that with a bed of boughs and stoves, we were well fixed. The Alaska stoves are narrow, long, little sheet-iron affairs, with two holes on top, and a drum to bake in. The fuel wood is full of pitch and is knotty and scrubby. If you turn your back on the fire for a moment it burns up and goes out. The water we used we obtained by thawing the snow and ice; when we wanted to drink, we thawed a chunk of ice and then cooled the water. We kept our stores in the cache to protect them from the wild beasts and dogs, and of course, they were frozen and had to be thawed out before being cooked. The things we wanted to keep from freezing we had to keep warm in the house. We had

some wines and a case of champagne that were sent to us for Christmas, which I kept under my bedding to save them from freezing.

"Of course, we got tired of the canned and dried provisions, but they were a great deal better than nothing. Occasionally we had some fresh moose meat and even some beef, as a herd of beef cattle were brought in over the pass during the winter; by the way, it was the first time fresh beef had ever been obtained in the interior. We had a nice roast for our New Year's dinner, and a fruit cake, mince pie, nuts and raisins, in addition to the usual dried and canned fruits and vegetables.

"The men had a hard time making bread, and I taught several of them how to make yeast bread. We could get hops and canned potatoes, and it was easy enough to make yeast. But how I did long for a raw potato or anything fresh and green.

I was, when I returned, twenty-five pounds heavier than when I went in. I was not sick, except by slight indispositions, all the time I was there. Every day, when I had finished my house-work, I would go out on the dumps and hunt for nuggets, or else I would pan gold. At first I would lose half the gold but after a while I learned to get it all out of the dirt. I would have to melt ice in order to get water for the purpose of panning. Out of one pan, I washed one hundred and ninety-five dollars. The gold that I took out in this manner amounted to about seven thousand dollars. We did not lack for

visitors there. Even before we had a table to eat from, we had nine to luncheon. We had some one staying at our house nearly every night, as passers-by had to have shelter.

"Eight months of the year it is very dark on the Klondyke, with only about four hours light each day. There is a long twilight, but we had to light the lamps at half-past one or two in the afternoon. We had oil lamps but candles were generally used.

"In the winter, the Yukon country is very healthy, especially for one going there with sound health; but when summer comes, it is damp, the water is bad, and the climate very unhealthy. The air gets very hot and the mosquitoes are cruelly bad.

"Coming away from the mines, we arrived at Dawson City in one night. Notwithstanding the fact that I wore a skirt only to my knees, I was covered with mud to my waist.

"When I came through Dawson City, it was in such a rowdy state, that I had to have my meals sent to me. Men and women—there were about fifty women there—conducted themselves shockingly and were carousing continually. About the worst people on earth followed close upon the heels of these steady, hard-working miners.

"Of course the rich claims around Dawson City are all staked, but women who are young and have a hardy constitution might do well in this isolated place, if they were accompanied by relatives or friends.

"Hoping that the above information will be of value to your readers, I remain,

"Yours respectfully,

"MRS. CLARENCE BERRY,

"Fresno, Cal."

Letter of Mrs. Thomas Lippy.

"Seattle, Wash., Aug. 15, 1897.

Mr. W. M. Stanley, Seattle, Wash.,

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your letter, wherein you ask me to write a communication to be printed along with your work on the Klondyke. I will be glad to accommodate you, though I fear that I cannot write anything that is new, or interesting. However, since you think that your readers would appreciate it, I will try. I have been appealed to by a great many strangers for information concerning the Yukon mining camps, much of which I could not furnish on account of the lack of time. As you suggest I might use this means of answering all these communications at once, which would relieve me of a great deal of labor, though it would be impossible to answer all these letters separately.

"Our claim is No. 16 on Eldorado Creek in the Klondyke district and is very rich. It is, however, very hard work to get the gold from the ground.

"As we went by steamer from St. Michael's, we did not have as hard a trip as those going over the pass. I was the first white woman on the creek and the first to cross the divide between the Yukon River and Bonanza Creek.

"We did not know exactly what we had to face, though we are by no means sorry that we went. The country can hardly be described, and the manner of living is very crude indeed. One can hardly realize what this life is without experiencing it. Before we started, we learned everything we could about the routes, the country, and the manner of living, which gave us an advantage over those who were entirely ignorant on these points. We took with us a year's provisions and were therefore better situated than many others. There were nine or ten women at Forty Mile, but they were mostly hard characters. Mrs. Berry of Fresno, California, lived but a mile from us and was the only other white woman in the camp. She and I were company for each other, though we could not visit a great deal, on account of the extremely cold weather. When we first arrived at Eldorado Creek, we had no house to live in and were therefore obliged to live in a tent until we had our cabin completed. It is eighteen feet long, twelve feet wide, and eight logs high. The roof is made from moss and mud, and the openings between the logs chinked with moss. It has one door and one window, but withal it is a very comfortable residence in that climate.

"Our furniture was home made; as the material was hardly qualified for cabinet work, it was quite rough, though it answered the purpose. We had a table, some stools and a bed, and a few other little things, which were more useful than elegant. We had a regular Yukon stove made of sheet-iron, and

with these the cabin was very cosy and warm. I did the housework and Mr. Lippy did the mining.

"We had no fresh milk, meats, fruits, eggs or vegetables, but we had plenty of canned goods, some even that I never knew before could be canned. With these we made out, though we did long for something fresh.

"Everyone here is so busy that they have no time for amusements. I, for my part, had all I could do in looking after my housework and keeping the cabin clean and comfortable for Mr. Lippy, when he came in, tired and cold. We didn't do very much visiting, though we had quite a good deal of company. When night came, or rather when the day's work was completed, for it was night most of the time, we were too tired to think of amusement, and were well content to retire.

"Of course, preparing food is a great deal of trouble, as even the water that was used had to be made by thawing ice. The food itself had to be thawed before we could take it from the cans. The cold weather made baking rather difficult, as it is necessary to keep the dough close to the fire in order to have it rise. Mr. Lippy always enjoyed a good appetite, which is a great help in maintaining one's strength.

"Fortunately, I enjoyed good health during the entire trip. My only ailments being an occasional attack of the headache or toothache. We were fortunate in every way, having been successful beyond our most ardent expectations. In winter, the mer-

cury is always below zero, sometimes reaching even sixty below. In summer, however, the country is very beautiful and quite warm, but the mosquitoes are very thick. I went out every day, but when the snow was on the ground, I did not go far from the cabin.

"In summer I dressed very much as I do in Seattle, but in the winter I dressed more warmly and wore fur boots and even a fur cap constantly.

"I would not care to advise any woman to go to this country. Neither will I advise any one to stay away. If a woman goes, however, she should be careful to take with her proper clothing, and should be accompanied by some relative. I have no doubt but that many women will do well there. But the hardships to be endured are such that great success alone will recompense one for making this arduous journey. Hoping that these few lines will be of interest to your readers and that your work will be a success, I am

Very respectfully,

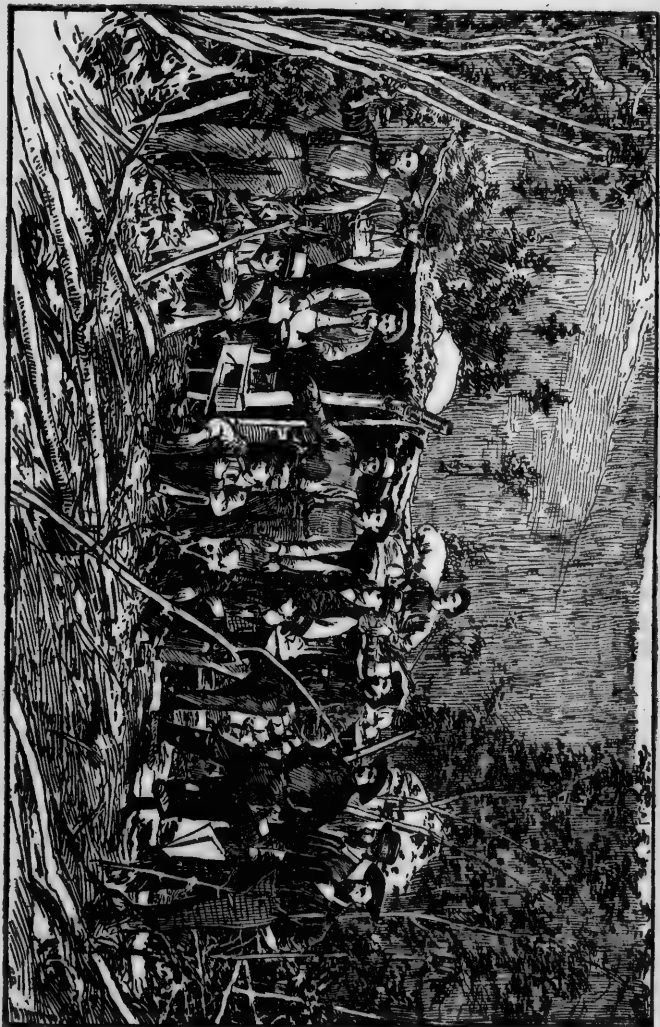
MRS. THOMAS LIPPY."

CHAPTER XX.

The Route to Dawson City—The Principal Transportation Companies Over the All-Water Route, via St. Michael's—The White Pass Route, From Skagway Bay—A Simple, but Eloquent Letter by a Sturdy Prospector.

The route to the Yukon gold fields by way of Dyce is perhaps the best for the man who can endure hardships and who has not the money to pay for the luxurious trip by way of St. Michael's.

Since the return of the steamers "Portland" and "Excelsior," a great many horses, mules and burros have been shipped in by way of the pass and an attempt has been made to open a trail through White pass to the head of Lake Bennett. This—when completed—will make the journey very much easier and will shorten the time required in making the trip. In the rush, however, chances will have to be taken on getting through. The number of pack animals that have been taken in will not be sufficient to handle all the supplies immediately on their arrival. The first who can get the services of these animals will be the lucky ones and will reach the gold fields in a great deal shorter time than we were able to make. The summit here is level and covered with grass and timber suitable for all purposes. The grade from the summit to Lake Bennett is but about twenty-five feet to the mile. The



"HOTEL DE BUN," DAWSON CITY.

distance from tidewater to the head of Lake Bennett is but thirty-five miles.

Another leading route is by way of St. Michael's which is three thousand miles from Seattle. At present there are three companies operating transportation lines by this route. The North American Transportation and Trading Company, the Alaska Commercial Company and the Seattle and Yukon Commercial Company. The fare from Seattle to Dawson City is \$200.00. Passengers are allowed to carry one hundred and fifty pounds of baggage, consisting of only clothing. No supplies can be carried by passengers but the company will sell them outfits on their arrival at Dawson City. The Seattle and Yukon Commercial Company, however, in addition to the baggage will carry one thousand pounds of supplies to each passenger and land it at Dawson City for ten cents per pound. A number of other companies with plenty of capital are organizing, this winter, and there will no doubt be, within the next year, ample transportation facilities at lower rates.

At St. Michael's, passengers and baggage are transferred to the river boats which are flat bottomed and fitted with powerful machinery especially adapted to navigate the swift, shallow portions of the Yukon. The distance by these boats from St. Michael's to Dawson City is about seventeen hundred and fifty miles. The whole trip requires about forty days providing close connections can be made at St. Michael's. Another route is from Juneau and

up the Stickeen River where a portage can be made, crossing to Teslin Lake and from there down the Hootalinqua River, which forms a junction with Thirty Mile River below Lake Le Barge. This route, however, has been but little traveled, though gold has been dug on the Tahn as far back as 1881. Steamers are now being built at Seattle to navigate over this route and it is quite probable that this will become quite a highway within the next year.

An English company have completed a preliminary survey for a route partly by rail and partly by steamer. The survey, as made, contemplates a railroad from Skaguay Bay or Dyea by way of the White Pass to the head of Lake Tagish, a distance of about forty miles. Here a line of steamers will be put on which will run across Lake Tagish and pass into Lake Atlin by way of Three Mile River. Then a transfer will be made by rail to Teslin Lake, the head waters of the Hootalinqua River, a distance of about thirty-five miles. From here a river steamboat can navigate to the mouth of the Yukon, a distance, approximately, of two thousand five hundred miles, passing down the Hootalinqua into the Lewis River and by the Lewis into the Yukon, then down the Yukon, making Fort Selkirk, Sixty Mile, Dawson City, Cudahy, Circle City, Forty Mile and in fact all the river points. Connections could be made with steamers on the Stewart, Pelly, McMillen, Porcupine, Koyukuk, Birch, Klanarcharkut, Beaver, Innoko, Tanana and Andreafski Rivers and Skagluk Slough, all of which are navigable for a distance

of from twenty-five miles, on the Klanarchgut, to five hundred miles, on the Stewart.

A four hundred ton vessel of light draft can ascend the Yukon one thousand nine hundred miles, but a boat with machinery powerful enough to drive it through Five Fingers, of light draft and not more than one hundred and fifty tons burden, could reach the head of Teslin Lake. The Pelly, Andreafski and Innoko Rivers and Shagluk Slough are navigable for fifty miles, Beaver Creek and Porcupine River one hundred, Tanana and Koyukuk Rivers three hundred, Birch Creek one hundred and fifty and the McMillan River two hundred miles. Still another company is organized who will run a pack train from tide water at Dyea to Lake Bennett by way of the Chilkoot Pass. From there, steamboats will be used to convey passengers and supplies to Dawson City. They will make a portage around the parts of the river that are not navigable and thus keep their steamers plying between the obstructions. All of these routes are practicable, but when the first rush is over, the regular and popular line of travel will probably be by way of St. Michael's, as it is a water route all the way and competition will be likely to bring the rates within reasonable bounds. A great many years, however, will elapse before it will be possible to travel to the Klondyke in safety and comfort. The rigorous climate is a serious drawback, and no line of transportation can be depended upon for more than a few months during the year. The snow will bury the railroad

184 THE ROUTES TO THE GOLD DISTRICT

tracks, and the steamers are frozen in from seven to nine months out of the twelve. Capital therefore will be shy of investing in a proposition that includes not only long yearly periods of idleness but large expenses incurred in protecting property during the long, dark winter months. Not until airships are rendered practical, can one expect to make the journey without many hardships, and supplies will always be high. There seems, however, to be a difference of opinion in regard to the White Pass. As I have never traveled over it I will not attempt to say on my own responsibility just what the conditions are. Appended, however, are two letters written from the pass which I give by consent of the recipients. They are both written by men of considerable popularity in the Sound country and may be accepted as authentic.

"Skaguay, Friday, July 30, 1897.

"My Dear Inverarity:—The steamer 'Mexico' has just arrived in the bay and she is black with people. We reached here last Monday and are camped a mile and a half from the wharf; they are unloading our outfits now, all mixed up. One hundred and fifty tons are on the wharf, out on the bay, and no road to it. We had to take lighters to get it ashore and had it all piled up in a heap; then we had to pay a dollar a load to get it off the lighters onto the shore. It is the greatest jam you ever saw. I got my goods all right, only losing one sack of beans. Some lost their entire outfits, tent, grub and all. A great many have left here and gone to

Dyea to try that pass (the Chilkoot). This trail is not nearly completed yet, and no pack animals here of any consequence. I am waiting to hear from the men we sent out before making a move of any kind. It is about forty-two miles to Lake Bennett from here.

"I went up the trail three miles this morning, and such a pitiful sight it was, to see men tired out, footsore and their backs raw from packing. Some are giving it up in despair. It is too bad. Boys, clerks, lawyers, and doctors all in the common herd—and now comes another rush on the 'Mexico.' I hope there will be plenty of horses on her or we are doomed to winter here and wait till we can get over on the snow. They are charging seventeen cents a pound to the summit—nineteen miles—and when a man gets there they will charge him seventeen cents a pound to the lake. Some have gone out part of the way and then come back again and gone around to Dyea.

"Every move costs money, so I let them all worry and just sit in camp and await developments. We can live for about fifteen cents a day. Some are paying one cent a pound to have their goods hauled three miles; that would mean forty dollars; then they turn around and pay forty dollars to get back; then they pay ten dollars a thousand to be taken to Dyea. There are two two-horse wagons here, and they are making sixty to eighty dollars a day, and they charge just what they please. Some have spent one hundred dollars already with no results, and are

discouraged and tired out. Everybody has rushed off to the steamer, and I am looking out for our camp and fighting mosquitoes. An Indian just came to me and wanted nineteen cents a pound to put me over the Dyea trail, and it is blocked for twelve miles. This is going to be a great place to make money.

"George Rice is here with a pack train and I have engaged him a month ahead at seventeen cents a pound. If I had fifty horses here with saddles I could make ten thousand dollars this fall, but it would be too late after this steamer. If the 'Islander' does not bring about two hundred horses everyone will have to wait for snow. The crowd elected me chief of police the day we arrived, and I was up two nights and days without sleep or any chance to get any until everything was carried away from the beach.

Yours truly, etc.,

D. J. MCKINNEY.

"I have now been here two days and this is the first moment I have had to spare. Capt. Irving has treated us very well, extending every aid in his power. We have just finished discharging the cargo of the boat. I have acted as checker, and we have handled something like three thousand or four thousand pieces of freight to-day. I had only two hours' sleep last night, as we were organizing for discharging to-day.

"After much discussion we have concluded to attempt the Skaguay (White) Pass. It is longer than the Dyea route, but about one thousand two hun-

dred to one thousand five hundred feet lower. We are at a great disadvantage in not having horses; but as we have a good stock of grit as well as provisions we hope to be among the few who will get in this winter. You can form no adequate idea of the great hardships that are to be encountered in going over the mountains, especially for those without horses. It is a fact that many are backing out and returning home. It is estimated that not more than one fourth of those who came this fall will get over. We confidently hope to be among those who are fortunate. The Skaguay trail is hardly yet completed, and no one has yet made the trip that way. I know several Seattle boys who, it is stated, have grown faint-hearted, but, will not mention their names, for you will see them in due time. Everyone is reducing his stock of provisions, as no one thinks he will get over the pass with his complete outfit before winter sets in.

"There was so much freight that the Seattle boys who patronized the 'Islander' had to let their outfits follow on the steamer 'Tees,' which is a slower boat, and has just arrived with our stuff, which we will take off to-morrow. One thing is sure: we will have to pay Her Majesty duty on our provisions, also clothing, for the collector came with us. Duty will amount to from twenty to thirty-five per cent. (The writer was happily mistaken.—W. M. S.)

CHAPTER XXI.

Earlier Stampedes to the Northern Gold Fields—Famous Australian Discoveries—An Arizona Miner on the Yukon in 1852—The Marvelous Success of Young Henry Dore—From Want to Affluence—A Grateful Heart.

Since the discovery of gold in California, a series of mining excitements have passed over this country, until the line from Mexico to Alaska has been explored and proved to contain many valuable mining properties.

The first stampede in the Northwest was to the valleys of the Klamath, the Columbia and the Fraser and finally the Cariboo, Peace and Stickeen rivers were prospected and proved more or less valuable, and now the valley of the Yukon is added to the list. Thousands have flocked to this river and its tributaries, have been successful and made fortunes but the majority, after various hardships and trials, came back poorer than they went.

Part of the army of would-be-gold-finders that went to California in 1849 also meandered into Oregon where rich gold discoveries were made in and about Jacksonville, and then the miners pursued their way to the Columbia, Idaho and Montana, the Columbia being the only means of access, in those days, to these isolated territories. At Salmon River, Oro Fino and many other localities, valuable claims were discovered. Also in Montana and the Bitter

Root Mountains was the precious metal found. About this time, the Oregon Steam Navigation Company was incorporated and Ladd, Reed, Ainsworth, Thompson, Camm and others laid the foundation of their fortunes. In 1856, the Fraser River excitement broke out in which a few secured riches but a greater number suffered disaster; and probably all who took part in that great rush and excitement heartily wish that the country may never see such another. The excitement infected people all over the coast and they thronged in crowds to Victoria—then a Fort of the Hudson's Bay Company. Hardly any of them knew where the Fraser River was situated or how they could reach it. There were no steamers running on the Fraser and hardly any from Victoria to the Fraser. The few boats and dug-outs could take only a small number of the people who wished to go; and still the crowds thronged into Victoria, until, on July 4, 1858, it was estimated that fifty thousand people were there. Gold was found all along the river, from fifty miles above its mouth to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of six hundred miles, and at Cariboo, diggings as rich as those at the Klondyke were reported. Later there were rushes to Ominica, Peace River and many other districts. The last and most disastrous rush was to the Stickeen River, in 1875. Hundreds plodded their way home from that inhospitable region, bare-footed, ragged and starving.

At that same time, gold was discovered in Australia. In '51 and '52 there had been a wild rush

to Ballarat and at the end of '52 seven thousand persons mining in that district turned out sixteen million dollars worth of gold. In 1856, rich mines were discovered in New Zealand. Many of the Californian miners went to Australia and vice versa. The largest nuggets ever discovered were found in Australia. The nugget which they called "Sarah Sands" weighed two hundred and eighty-three pounds Troy, others weighed one hundred and eighty-five and one hundred and forty-four pounds and a nugget exhibited at the Paris exposition was worth about fifty thousand dollars.

Indications of gold have been found in almost every portion of the world. It has been sought after and valued as far back as the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Idols composed of it have been made by the heathen nations. The Israelites worshipped it in the form of a calf and their temple contained large amounts of the precious metal. The Spaniards thirsted for it when they discovered America. Cortez found it in Mexico; Pizarro found it in Peru where he persuaded the Ynca Emperor, Atahualpa to collect some \$15,000,000 worth for him, after which he killed the poor young prince.

The history of the discovery and gathering of gold, in all times and in all ages, is doubtless the same; a few get rich while many others secure only disease or starvation or death.

The stories of the richness of the Klondyke are

doubtless as nearly true as can be expected. In the history of the various gold excitements it has always seemed as if distance lent enchantment; the farther the mines were, the richer they seemed to be. California was a wild and unsettled region when the hardy miners poured in in search of the yellow metal. The Fraser ran through a wild and inhospitable country when the miners forced their way up in canoes and dugouts; but of all those, the Klondyke region is the most remote from civilization, the most utterly isolated, uninhabitable, barren and desolate, and its climate the most unfavorable and insalubrious of all the various regions where signs of the precious metal have been discovered.

A fragment of personal history is given by W. B. Moore, of Spokane, Washington, who was among the first to enter the wilderness. This short account of his trip will, no doubt, be of interest to the reader from the fact that it describes the Yukon country as it was fifteen years ago.

"We left Tombstone, Arizona, on May 25, 1882, and went by steamer to Juneau. It was then a town of not over one hundred and fifty persons, and they were just prospecting the Treadwell ground with a five-stamp mill. We could not get any bacon there, so we took ample flour, beans, rice and oatmeal, but had no fruit or vegetables, except fifty pounds of dried fruit, all there was in Juneau. We went in canoes to Chilkoot, at the head of Lynn Canal, where we completed our outfit at the store.

"There was no good trail then, the only one

having been made by the Indians; it followed the streams, so that we were in water most of the way. The trip over the pass was very hard, for we had to climb much of the way over glaciers. It took one hundred and thirteen Indians to pack our outfit over the pass and it cost us fourteen cents a pound. We took whipsaws with us and built two boats, which we floated down the Yukon to Fort Reliance where we wintered, remaining in the country thirteen months. We unloaded half our cargo at the Canyon and ran through it all right, then made a portage at White Horse Rapids. Our party gave its name to the 'Five Fingers,' which are five rocks standing across the river like the five fingers of the hand.

"The Indians said we were the first white men they had seen come down the river since they destroyed Fort Reliance sixty years ago, and the younger Indians had never seen a white man. The only white men we found on the river were Jack McQuestion, after whom McQuestion Creek was named, John Harper, Al Mayo and Mercier, a brother of the former premier of Canada. They were on the river when the United States bought Alaska, and the Alaska Commercial Company bought them out and hired them as traders, McQuestion at Fort Reliance, Mercier at Fort Yukon and Harper and Mayo at Nuklukyet.

"We prospected on the Stewart, Pelly, Salmon and White Rivers and found gold on all those streams. I don't know whether we were on the

Klondyke River, or Bonanza or Eldorado Creeks, for we did not know the names of many streams we prospected. We made caches on the creek opposite Fort Reliance and in other places where we found gold in paying quantities, intending to return and work those streams.

"The largest nuggets were about the size of a grain of wheat. Over the mountain, east of Fort Reliance, we cached on ground that has since paid seventy-five dollars a day per man. We brought out fourteen dollars from one pan of dirt for Ed Sheffelin, who went up the river with four or five men in a small boat called the 'New Racket' as far as Nukluket, one thousand miles below Fort Reliance. I think there will be no lack of new pay ground for the people who are going in. If the climate were as warm as that of California, the Yukon would equal that state in the output of gold.

"The thermometer was eighty-two degrees below zero twice during the winter of 1882-3 and the cold was intense. We went in ill-prepared for the climate, but the Indians provided us with furs, moccasins, caps, etc. Furs were cheap then, for I was offered a silver fox for a fancy blanket. We found lots of game and plenty of berries in the summer.

"In consequence of eating salt meat and having no fresh vegetables or fruit, three of us were attacked with scurvy in April, 1883, so we had to float down the river in our boats after the ice broke up on May 16. I had it worst of all, for I was blue from the waist down and was getting weaker and weaker,

so that the other men were alarmed about me. When we reached Tanana River, an Indian made me some tea out of herbs, which broke up the scurvy, and when we reached St. Michael's I had so nearly recovered that I thought of turning back. I have never been back, however, but now think seriously of going. I settled in Okanogan County in 1883-4, and have been there ever since until I recently moved to Spokane .

"I would not advise anybody to leave here after August 15, with the intention of going over the pass. This is the very latest date at which the prospector would escape the early storms on the summit and get down the river before it begins freezing."

One of the strangest experiences of Klondyke life was undergone by a young French Canadian, Henry Dore, of Seattle, and was related to me by a friend of his.

Dore resided in Seattle several years prior to the early spring of 1896. Tall, well proportioned and, by habit and occupation, a woodsman, Dore saw but little of city life, although this was his home; his avocation of logging taking him into the recesses of the primeval forests. He made a number of close friends in Seattle, however.

Early in the spring of 1896, Dore became dissatisfied with his life in the forests, and longed for a chance to win a fortune in the frozen north. He was poor and unable to raise enough money to secure the necessary outfit, but a friend helped him

enough so that, on a bright day, in the early part of the beautiful month of April, he sailed with the required amount of supplies, and in the company of many other earnest, ambitious and hard-working men.

When he returned on the steamer "Portland," July 16, 1897, he was a rich man, with \$52,000 in his pocket and millions more in the Eldorado Creek.

Leaving Seattle early in April, 1896, Dore had reached Dyea without incident. He was supplied with barely enough provisions to last him a year; but he set out boldly for the gold diggings at Forty Mile Creek, crossing the Chilkoot pass with his pack on a Yukon sled. His experience, rafting down the Yukon was similar to mine. He made the trip without unusual incidents, although exposed at times to rough weather and the dangers of the rapids of the upper headquarters of the Yukon. His greatest care was to make his supply of food last him as long as possible.

When Dore reached Forty Mile, he sought for work in the mines, after fruitless attempts to locate a claim for himself. His stores were steadily diminishing in quantity, and he had no money to replace them; thus he soon found himself eleven hundred dollars in debt after about a three months stay in Forty Mile.

Later in August, came the news of the rich finds of placer gold in the streams entering the Klondyke River above what has since been platted as Dawson City. Dore did not lose any time getting there.

He borrowed a sum of money, barely enough to purchase provisions enough to last him during the trip up the Yukon. With a brave heart, and determined this time to win, he set out for the new diggings. He was among the first to locate a claim on Eldorado Creek, after all the promising locations on Bonanza Creek had been taken up. He nearly starved to death while prospecting the Eldorado, as his food had completely given out, save a small quantity of tea and some beans. It was utterly impossible for him to get food from the other prospectors in the vicinity, as none of the men who were in the first rush in the new camp brought an ounce of food more than was required for their own maintenance.

Dore thus experienced all the pangs of hunger while preserving his last little remaining parcel of food. But through all these extreme hardships he did not lose heart, and went on, steadily working up the stream and looking anxiously, almost with desperation, for a claim that would keep him from starvation. Finally he struck it. Half way up the Eldorado Creek, from its confluence with the Bonanza Creek, he washed out a pan of glittering colors—enough to tell that there was gold beneath the gravel bed of the stream. He located No. 19 above Discovery, and immediately set to work. In a week, he had taken out one thousand dollars in nuggets—enough to relieve his pressing wants, for flour was sixty dollars a sack. After purchasing provisions from his neighbors to tide him over till

the arrival of supplies from Circle City, Dore worked day and night on his claim. With the dust that he took out of his single prospect hole, he purchased three other claims on the creek and a half interest in a fourth. When he cleaned up his last pile of pay-dirt, this spring, he still had fifty-two thousand dollars left above all his purchases, and with that, he determined to return to his home in Seattle.

Arriving in Seattle on the same boat on which I made my return trip, Dore's first mission was to hunt up his friend who had so kindly befriended him in his need. After days of searching he located him and, I tell you, there was a happy reunion.

CHAPTER XXII.

Outfit and Supplies Needed for One Man, One Year— Outfit for Two Men—Table of Canadian Customs Duties on Goods Needed by the Miners.

SUPPLIES REQUIRED FOR ONE MAN FOR ONE YEAR.

500 pounds flour	\$12.50.
100 pounds oat meal.....	6.00.
100 pounds beans	2.35.
24 pounds coffee at 30c.....	7.20.
24 pounds tea, at 50c.....	12.00.
100 pounds bacon, at 14c.....	14.00.
100 pounds dried potatoes, at 5c.....	5.00.
50 pounds dried vegetables, at 5c....	2.50.
100 pounds dried fruits, at 6c.....	6.00.
25 pounds (2 cases) condensed milk..	2.50.
5 pounds baking powder	2.50.
5 pounds salt and pepper	1.50.
50 pounds canned butter, at 25c.....	12.50.
30 pounds lard, at 10c.....	3.00.
25 pounds rice, at 5c.....	1.25.
20 pounds tools	15.00.
50 pounds stove and cooking utensils.	10.00.
2 pounds matches and miscellany...	1.50.
<u>1,310 pounds.</u>	<u>Total supplies.....\$116.80.</u>

OUTFIT.

Three suits woolen underclothes.....	\$12.00.
Three woolen overshirts	6.00.

MINER'S OUTFITS AND SUPPLIES 199

Two pairs overalls	\$2.00.
Six pairs woolen socks.....	6.00.
Two pairs blankets	16.00.
One fox-skin robe	50.00.
One reindeer "parkee" covering head and reaching to the knees.....	12.00.
Three pairs caribou mittens.....	6.00.
Two fur caps	8.00.
Two pairs rubber boots.....	7.00.
Three pairs moccasins	9.00.
One pair "mucklucks," a sort of woolen sweater	10.00.
Two sweaters (extra thick).....	8.00.
Weight, 120 pounds. Total outfit...	\$157.00.
1,310 pounds of supplies.....	\$116.80.
Grand total, 1,430 pounds.....	\$273.80.

OUTFIT REQUIRED FOR TWO MEN.

Flour	800 pounds.
Bacon	400 pounds.
Beans	300 pounds.
Dried fruit (assorted).....	50 pounds.
Sugar (loaf)	50 pounds.
Condensed milk	50 pounds.
Coffee	40 pounds.
Tea	10 pounds.
Corn meal	25 pounds.
Rice	20 pounds.
Baking powder	20 pounds.
Salt	25 pounds.
Oatmeal	25 pounds.
Evaporated potatoes	20 pounds.

200 MINER'S OUTFITS AND SUPPLIES

Evaporated onions 10 pounds.

Pepper 5 pounds.

Evaporated vinegar (4 pts.).

Matches (1 doz. bunches).

Total 1,836 pounds.

Tent, blankets and clothing.

1 wall tent, 8x10 feet.

4 pair heavy woolen blankets.

1 pair rubber blankets.

1 dozen heavy woolen socks.

4 suits heavy woolen underwear.

4 heavy overshirts.

4 pair heavy overalls.

4 pair hip boots, rubber.

4 pair shoes.

2 heavy woolen suits.

2 Mackinaw suits.

6 pair heavy woolen gloves.

4 pair heavy woolen mittens.

2 pair snow shoes.

2 pair snow glasses.

2 caps.

2 broad brimmed hats.

Total weight about 200 pounds.

1 Yukon stove.

3 lengths stovepipe.

1 large frying-pan.

1 baking pan.

1 bread pan, 10 quarts.

3 granite kettles, 10, 8 and 6 quarts.

1 coffee pot.

- 2 granite plates.
- 2 knives, forks and spoons.
- 2 granite cups.
- 1 large spoon.
- 1 3½ pound ax.
- 1 small hand ax.
- 1 hand saw.
- 100 feet half-inch rope.

Nails.

Pitch.

Oakum, for boat.

2 picks.

2 shovels.

Estimated weight of hardware.. 100 pounds.

Estimated weight of clothing, etc. 200 pounds.

Estimated weight of provisions..1,836 pounds.

Grand total weight 2,136 pounds.

This will not cost to exceed \$300.

Every pound of goods going into the Klondyke gold fields is subject to a duty by the Canadian Government, except a reasonable outfit consisting of clothing, provisions, etc., which is free by order of the Collector of Customs. An attempt was made by the Canadian authority to collect a duty on everything without exception. The authorities at Washington, D. C., however, objected to this and threatened to withdraw the order whereby Dyea was made a sub-port of entrance. Had the United States done this it would have closed this harbor to the vessels of all other nations and would have left the business of transportation between the upper

Yukon and the outside world entirely under the control of the transportation companies of the United States. The Canadian government immediately saw the difficulty that would surround its traders if this threat were carried out and compromised the matter by exempting a reasonable outfit from import duties. What is meant by a reasonable outfit was left entirely to the Collector of Customs to judge, and, up to the present time, he has proved most reasonable and liberal in his constructions.

Goods imported for sale must, however, pay to the Canadian Government, duties in the following amounts:

Shovels, spades, picks, etc., 25 per cent.

Horses, 20 per cent.

Axes, hatchets and adzes, 25 per cent.

Baking powder, 6 cents per pound.

Bed comforters, 32½ per cent.

Blankets, 5 cents per pound and 25 per cent.

Boat's and ship's sails, 25 per cent.

Rubber boots, 25 per cent.

Boots and shoes, 25 per cent.

Breadstuffs, viz.: grain, flour and meal of all kinds, 20 per cent.

Bullion, gold or silver, free.

Butter, 4 cents per pound.

Candles, 28 per cent.

Cartridges and ammunition, 30 per cent.

Cheese, 3 cents per pound.

Cigars and cigarettes, \$2 per pound, and 25 per cent.

Clothing:—

Socks, 10 cents per dozen pairs and 35 per cent.

Knitted goods of every description, 35 per cent.

Ready-made, partially of wool, 30 per cent.

Waterproof clothing, 35 per cent.

Coffee, condensed, 30 per cent; roasted, 2 cents per pound and 10 per cent; substitutes, 2 cents per pound; extracts, 3 cents per pound.

Condensed milk, 3 cents per pound.

Cotton knitted goods, 35 per cent.

Crowbars, 35 per cent.

Cutlery, 35 per cent.

Dogs, 20 per cent.

Drugs, 20 per cent.

Duck, from 20 to 30 per cent.

Earthenware, 30 per cent.

Edge tools, 35 per cent.

Firearms, 20 per cent.

Fish hooks and lines, 25 per cent.

Flour, wheat, 75 cents per barrel; rye, 50 cents per barrel.

Fruits, dried, 25 per cent.

Fruits, prunes, raisins, currants, 1 cent per pound.

Fruits, jellies, jams and preserves, 3 cents per pound.

Fur caps, muffs, capes, coats, 25 per cent.

Furniture, 30 per cent.

Galvanized iron or tinware, 30 per cent.

Guns, 20 per cent.

Hardware, N. E. S., 32½ per cent.

Harness and saddlery, 30 per cent.

Ice, free.

Jerseys, knitted, 35 per cent.

Lard, 2 cents per pound.

Linen clothing, 32½ per cent.

Maps and charts, 20 per cent.

Meats, canned, 25 per cent; in barrel, 2 cents per pound.

Oatmeal, 20 per cent.

Oiled cloth, 30 per cent.

Pipes, tobacco, 35 per cent.

Pork, in barrel, 2 cents per pound.

Potatoes, 15 cents per bushel.

Potted Meats, 25 per cent.

Powder, mining and blasting, 2 cents per pound.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Canadian Mining Laws and Regulations—Recent Amendments.

"Privy Council, Canada, at the Government House at Ottawa, Friday, the 21st day of May, 1897.

"His Excellency The Governor General, in Council.

"Whereas it is found necessary and expedient that certain amendments and additions should be made to the regulations governing 'placer mining' established by order of council of the 9th of November, 1889.

"Therefore his excellency, in virtue of the provisions of 'the Dominion lands act,' chapter 54, of the Revised Statutes of Canada, and by and with the advice of the queen's privy council for Canada, is pleased to order that the following regulations shall be, and the same are hereby, substituted for the governance of placer mining along the Yukon river and its tributaries in the Northwest Territories in the room, place and stead of these regulations established by order in council of the 9th of November, 1889.

"(Signed)

JOHN J. MCGEE.

Clerk of the Privy Council.

"To the Honorable The Minister of the Interior."

"Regulations governing placer mining along the

Yukon river and its tributaries in the Northwest Territories:

Interpretation.

“‘Bar diggings’ shall mean any part of a river over which the water extends when the water is in its flooded state, and which is not covered at low water.

“‘Mines on benches shall be known as bench diggings, and shall for the purpose of defining the size of such claims be excepted from dry diggings.

“‘Dry diggings’ shall mean any mine over which a river never extends.

“‘Miner’ shall mean a male or female over the age of 18, but not under that age.

“‘Claims’ shall mean the personal right of property in a placer mine or diggings during the time for which the grant of such mine or diggings is made.

“‘Legal post’ shall mean a stake standing not less than four feet above the ground and squared on four sides for at least one foot from the top. Both sides so squared shall measure at least four inches across the face. It shall also mean any stump or tree cut off and squared or faced to the above height and size.

“‘Close season’ shall mean the period of the year during which placer mining is generally suspended. The period to be fixed by the gold commissioner in whose district the claim is situated.

“‘Locality’ shall mean the territory along a river (tributary of the Yukon), and its affluents.

"'Mineral' shall include all minerals whatsoever other than coal.

Nature and Size of Claims.

"First—Bar diggings: A strip of land 100 feet wide at high watermark and thence extending along into the river to its lowest water level.

"Second—The sides of a claim for bar diggings shall be two parallel lines run as nearly as possible at right angles to the stream and shall be marked by four legal posts, one at each end of the claim at or about high watermark, also one at each end of the claim at or about the edge of the water. One of the posts at high watermark shall be legibly marked with the name of the miner and the date upon which the claim is staked.

"Third—Dry diggings shall be 100 feet square and shall have placed at each of its four corners a legal post, upon one of which shall be legibly marked the name of the miner and the date upon which the claim was staked.

"Fourth—Creek and river claims shall be 500 feet long, measured in direction of the general course of the stream, and shall extend in width from base to base of the hill or bench on each side, but when the hill or benches are less than 100 feet apart, the claim may be 100 feet in depth. The sides of a claim shall be two parallel lines run as nearly as possible at right angles to the stream. The sides shall be marked with legal posts at or about the edge of the water, and at the rear boundaries of the claim. One of the legal posts at the stream shall be

legibly marked with the name of the miner and the date upon which the claim was staked.

"Fifth—Each claim shall be 100 feet square.

"Sixth—In determining the size of claims, they shall be measured horizontally, irrespective of inequalities on the surface of the ground.

"Seventh—If any person or persons shall discover a new mine, and such discovery shall be established to the satisfaction of the gold commissioner, a claim for the bar diggings 750 feet in length may be granted.

"A new stratum of auriferous earth or gravel situated in a locality where the claims are abandoned shall, for this purpose, be deemed a new mine, although the same locality shall have previously been worked at a different level.

"Eighth—The forms of application for a grant for placer mining and the grant of the same shall be those contained in forms 'H' and 'I' in the schedule hereto.

"Ninth—A claim shall be recorded with the gold commissioner in whose district it is situated within three days after the location thereof, if it is located within ten miles of the commissioner's office. One extra day shall be allowed for making such record for every additional ten miles and fraction thereof.

"Tenth—In the event of the absence of the gold commissioner from his office, entry for a claim may be granted by any person whom he may appoint to perform his duties in his absence.

"Eleventh—Entry shall not be granted for a

claim which has not been staked by the applicant in person, in the manner specified in these regulations. An affidavit that the claim was staked out by the applicant shall be embodied in form 'H' of the schedule hereto.

"Twelfth—An entry fee of \$15 shall be charged the first year and an annual fee of \$100 for each of the following years. This provision shall apply to the locations for which entries have already been granted.

"Thirteenth—After the recording of a claim, the removal of any post by the holder thereof, or any person acting in his behalf, for the purpose of changing the boundaries of his claim, shall act as a forfeiture of the claim.

"Fourteenth—The entry of every holder for a grant for placer mining must be renewed, and his receipt relinquished and replaced every year, the entry fee being paid each year.

"Fifteenth—No miner shall receive a grant for more than one mining claim in the same locality; but the same miner may hold any number of claims by purchase, and any number of miners may unite to work their claims in common upon such terms as they may arrange, provided such agreement be registered with the gold commissioner and a fee of \$5 paid for each registration.

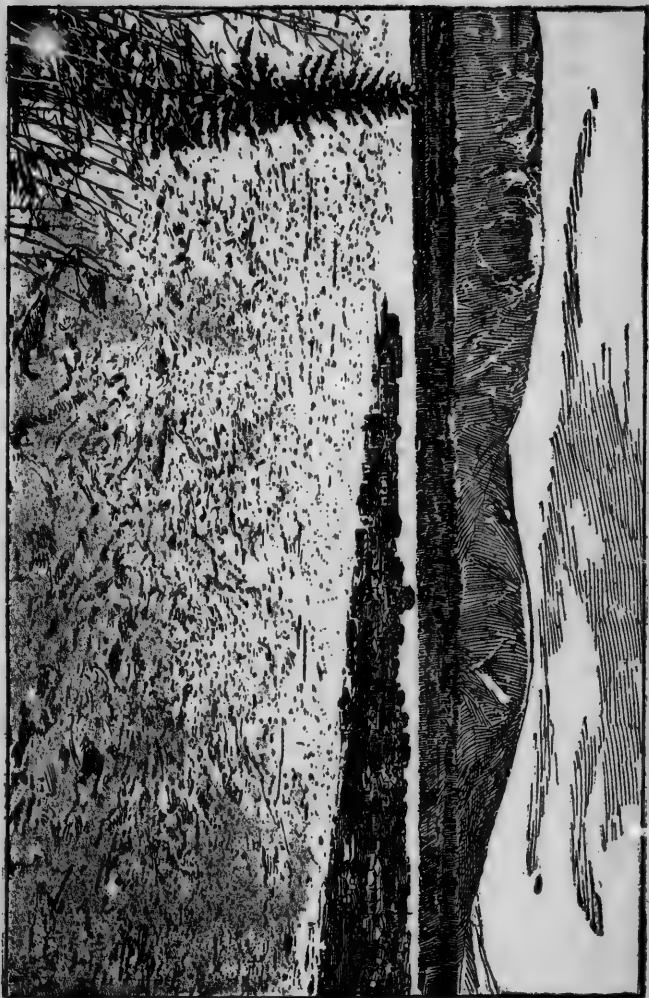
"Sixteenth—Any miner or miners may sell, mortgage, or dispose of his or their claims, provided such disposal be registered with, and a fee of \$2 paid to the gold commissioner, who shall thereupon

give the assignee a certificate in form 'J' in the schedule hereto.

"Seventeenth—Every miner shall, during the continuance of his grant, have the exclusive right of entry upon his own claim for the miner-like working thereof, and the construction of a residence thereon, and shall be entitled exclusively to all the proceeds realized therefrom; but he shall have no surface rights therein, and the gold commissioner may grant to the holders of adjacent claims such rights of entry thereon as may be absolutely necessary for the working of their claim, upon such terms as may to him seem reasonable. He may also grant permits to miners to cut timber thereon for their own use, upon payment of the dues prescribed by the regulations in that behalf.

"Eighteenth—Every miner shall be entitled to the use of so much of the water naturally flowing through or past his claim, and not already lawfully appropriated, as shall in the opinion of the gold commissioner, be necessary for the due working thereof, and shall be entitled to drain his own claim free of charge.

"Nineteenth—A claim shall be deemed to be abandoned and open to the occupation and entry by any person when the same shall have remained unworked on working days by the grantee thereof or by some person on his behalf for the space of seventy-two hours, unless sickness or other reasonable cause may be shown to the satisfaction of the gold commissioner, or unless the grantee is absent



THE YUKON RIVER AT FORTY MILE



on leave given by the commissioner, and the gold commissioner upon obtaining evidence satisfactory to himself that this provision is not being complied with, may cancel the entry given for a claim.

"Twentieth—If the land upon which a claim has been located is not the property of the crown it will be necessary for the person who applies for entry to furnish proof that he has acquired from the owner of the land the surface right before entry can be granted.

"Twenty-first—If the occupier of the lands has not received a patent therefor, the purchase money of the surface rights must be paid to the crown, and a patent of the surface rights will issue to the party who acquired the mining rights. The money so collected will either be refunded to the occupier of the land when he is entitled to a patent therefor, or will be credited to him on account of payment for land.

"Twenty-second—When the party obtaining the mining rights cannot make an arrangement with the owner thereof for the acquisition of the surface rights it shall be lawful for him to give notice to the owner or his agent, or the occupier to appoint an arbitrator to act with another arbitrator named by him in order to award the amount of compensation to which the owner or occupant shall be entitled. The notice mentioned in this section shall be according to form to be obtained upon application from the gold commissioner for the district in which the lands in question lie, and shall, when prac-

licable, be personally served on such owner or his agent, if known, or occupant, and after reasonable efforts have been made to effect personal service without success, then such notice shall be served upon the owner or agent within a period to be fixed by the gold commissioner before the expiration of the time limited in such notice. If the proprietor refuses or declines to appoint an arbitrator, or when, for any other reason, no arbitrator is appointed by the proprietor in the time limited therefor in the notice provided by this section, the gold commissioner for the district in which the lands in question lie shall, on being satisfied by affidavit that such notice has come to the knowledge of such owner, agent or occupant, or that such owner, agent or occupant, willfully evades the service of such notice, or cannot be found, and that reasonable efforts have been made to effect such service, and that the notice was left at the last place of abode of such owner, agent or occupant, appoint an arbitrator on his behalf.

"Twenty-third—(a) All arbitrators appointed under the authority of these regulations shall be sworn before a justice of the peace to the impartial discharge of the duties assigned to them, and they shall forthwith proceed to estimate the reasonable damages which the owner or occupant of such lands according to their several interests therein shall sustain by reason of such prospecting and mining operations.

"(b) In estimating such damages the arbitrators

shall determine the value of the land, irrespectively of any enhancement thereof from the existence of mineral therein.

"(c) In case such arbitrators cannot agree they may select a third arbitrator, and when the two arbitrators cannot agree upon a third arbitrator, the gold commissioner for the district in which the lands in question lie shall select such third arbitrator.

"(d) The award of any two such arbitrators made in writing shall be final, and shall be filed with the gold commissioner for the district in which the lands lie.

"If any cases arise for which no provision is made in these regulations, the provisions of the regulations governing the disposal of mineral lands other than coal lands approved by his excellency the governor in council on the 9th of November, 1889, shall apply."

Certificate of Assignment of a Placer Mining Claim.

"Form 'J.'

"No.

"Department of the Interior.

"Agency.....18...

"This is to certify that (B. C.) has (or have) filed an assignment in due form dated 18..., and accompanied by a registration fee of two dollars, of the grant to.....(A. B.) of of the right to mine in.....(insert description of claim for one year from.....18...

"This certificate entitles the said.....
(B. C.) to all rights and privileges of
 the said.....(A. B.) in respect of
 the claim assigned, that is to say, the exclusive
 right of entry upon the said claim for the miner-
 like working thereof and the construction of a resi-
 dence thereon, and the exclusive right to all pro-
 ceeds therefrom for the remaining portion of the
 year for which said claim was granted to the said
(A. B.), that is to say, until
 the.....18.

"The said(B. C.) shall be
 entitled to the use of so much of the water naturally
 flowing through or past his (or their) claim, and
 not already lawfully appropriated, as shall be neces-
 sary for the due working thereof, and to drain the
 claim free of charge.

"This grant does not convey to the said
(B. C.) any surface rights in said
 claim or any rights of ownership in the soil covered
 by the said claim, and the said grant shall lapse and
 be forfeited unless the claim is continually and in
 good faith worked by the said (B. C.) or his (or
 their) associates.

"The rights hereby granted are those laid down
 in the Dominion Mining Regulations, and are sub-
 ject to all provisions of the said regulations, whether
 the same are expressed herein or not.

".....
 Gold Commissioner."

**Application for Grant for Placer Mining Claim and
Affidavit of Applicant.**

"Form 'H.'

"I, (or we) of.....hereby apply under the Dominion Mining Regulations for grant of a claim for placer mining as defined in the said regulations in.....(here describe locality) and I (or we) solemnly swear:

"First—That I (or we) am (or are) to the best of my (or our) knowledge and belief, the first discoverer (or discoverers) of the said deposit, or

"Second—That the said claim was previously granted to.....(here name the last grantee), but has remained unworked by the said grantee for not less than.....

"Third—That I (or we) am (or are) unaware that the land is other than vacant Dominion lands.

"Fourth—That I (or we) did on the.....
.....day of.....mark out on the ground in accordance in every particular with the provisions of the mining regulations for the Yukon river and its tributaries, the claim for which I (or we) make this application, and that in so doing I (or we) did not encroach on any other claim or mining location previously laid out by any other person.

"Fifth—That the said claim contains as nearly as I (or we) could measure or estimate an area of square feet, and that the description (and sketch, if any) of this date hereto attached signed by me (or us) sets (or set) forth in

detail to the best of my (or our) knowledge and ability its position, form and dimensions.

"Sixth—That I (or we) make this application in good faith to acquire the claim for the sole purpose of mining, prosecuted by myself (or us), or by myself and associates, or by my (or our) assigns.

"Sworn before me.

At..... this day of
.....18...

"(Signature)

"....."

Grant for Placer Claim.

"Form 'I.'

"Department of the Interior.

"Agency.....18...

"In consideration of the payment of the fee prescribed by clause 12 of the mining regulations of the Yukon river and its tributaries by.....
.....(A. B.) accompanying his (or their) application No. dated.....
18... for a mining claim in.....(here insert description of locality), the minister of the interior hereby grants to the said.....
(A. B.) for the term of one year from the date hereof the exclusive right of entry upon the claim (here describe in detail the claim).

"Granted—For the miner-like working thereof and the construction of a residence thereon, and the exclusive right to all the proceeds derived therefrom. That the said.....(A. B.) shall be entitled to the use of so much water naturally

flowing through or past his (or their) claim and not already lawfully appropriated as shall be necessary for the due working thereof, and to drain his (or their) claim free of charge.

"This grant does not convey to the said.
 (A. B.) any surface right in the said claim or any right of ownership in the soil covered by the said claim, and the said grant shall lapse and be forfeited unless the claim is continuously and in good faith worked by the said.
 (A. B.) or his (or their) associates.

"The rights hereby granted are those laid down in the aforesaid mining regulations and no more, and are subject to all the provisions of the said regulations, whether the same are expressed herein or not.

".....

"Gold Commissioner."

These laws have been amended and a royalty of from ten to twenty per cent. is charged on all gold mined and reserving every other claim to the crown.

Amendments.

"That upon all gold mined on the claims referred to in the regulations for the government of placer mining along the Yukon river and its tributaries, a royalty of 10 per cent. shall be levied and collected by officers to be appointed for the purpose, provided that the amount mined and taken out from a single claim does not exceed \$500 per week, there shall be levied and collected a royalty of 10 per cent. upon the amount so taken out up to \$500 and upon the excess or amount taken from any single

claim over \$500 per week there shall be levied and collected a royalty of 20 per cent., such royalty to form part of the consolidated revenue, and to be accounted for by the officers who collected the same in due course.

"The time and manner in which royalty shall be collected and the persons who shall collect the same shall be provided for by the regulations to be made by the gold commissioner, and that the gold commissioner be and is hereby given authority to make such regulations and rules accordingly.

"That default in payment of such royalty, if continued for ten days after notice has been posted upon the claim in respect of which it is demanded, or in the vicinity of such claim, by the gold commissioner or his agent, shall be followed by the cancellation of the claim.

"That any attempt to defraud the crown by withholding any revenue thus provided for, by making false statements of the amount taken out, may be punishable by cancellation of the claim in respect of which such fraud or false statements have been committed or made, and that in respect of facts as to such a fraud or false statement or non-payment of royalty, the decision of the gold commissioner shall be final."

The regulations governing the disposal of placer mining claims along the Yukon river and its tributaries are amended so that entry can only be granted for alternate, claims known as creek claims, bunch claims, bar diggings and dry diggings and

that the other alternate claims be reserved for the crown, to be disposed of by public auction, or in such manner as may be decided by the minister of the interior.

The penalty of trespassing on a claim reserved for the crown is immediate cancellation by the gold commissioner of any entry and entries which the person trespassing may have obtained whether by original entry or by purchase for a mining claim, and the refusal by the gold commissioner of the acceptance of any application which the person trespassing may at any time make for claims, and that in addition to such penalty the mounted police upon requisition from the gold commissioner to that effect, may take the necessary steps to eject the trespasser.

The clause in the former regulations providing that the discoverer of a new mine is entitled to claim and shall be granted a claim for "bar diggings" 750 feet in length has been amended so that the grant may apply to the creek and river claims instead of to bar diggings.

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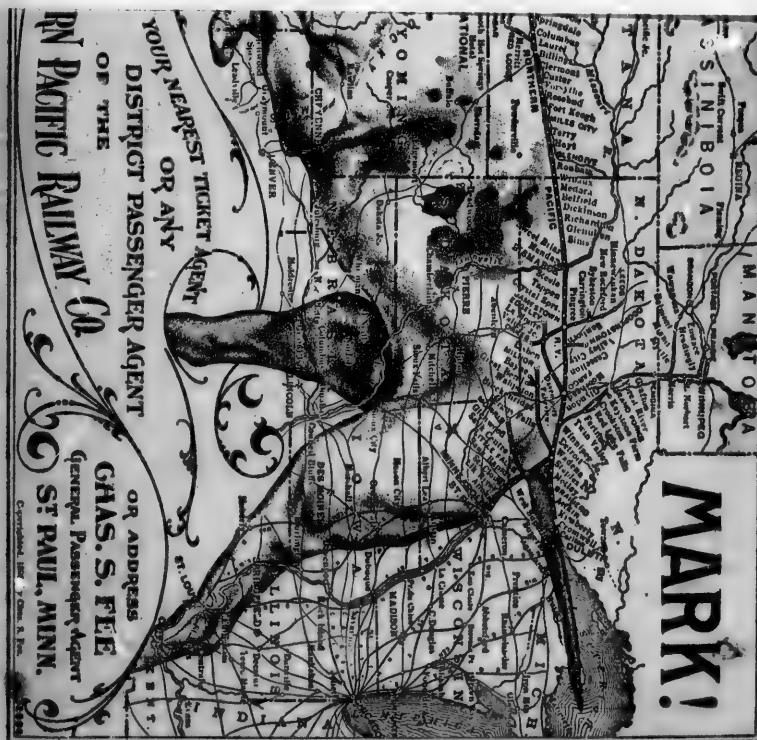
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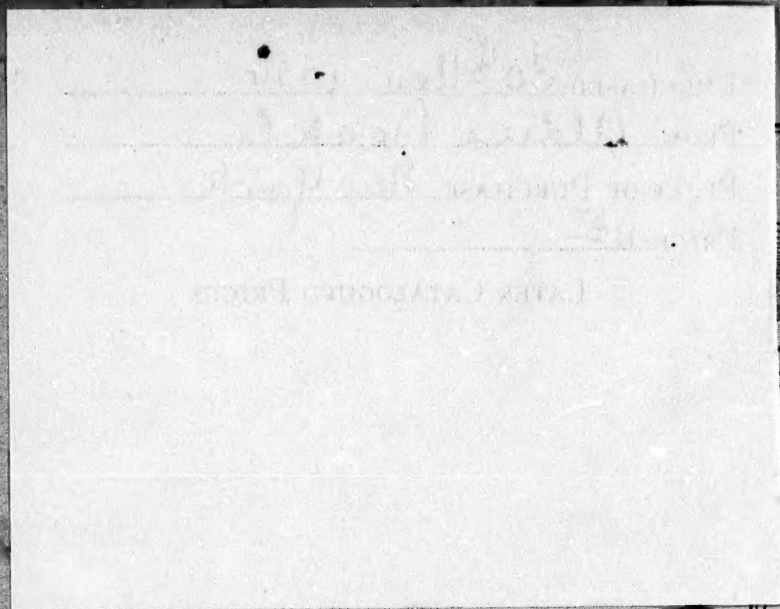
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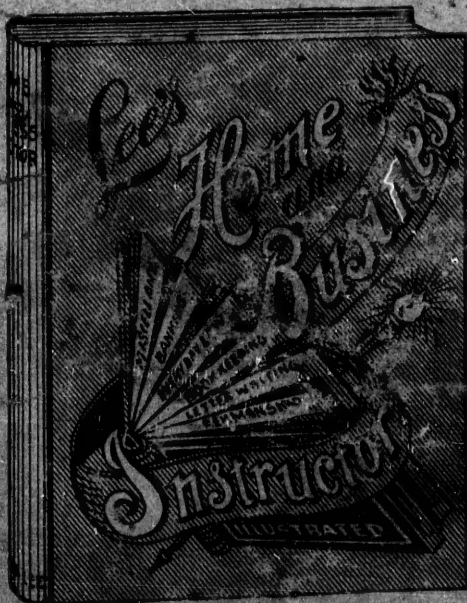
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